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ONE SHILLING.

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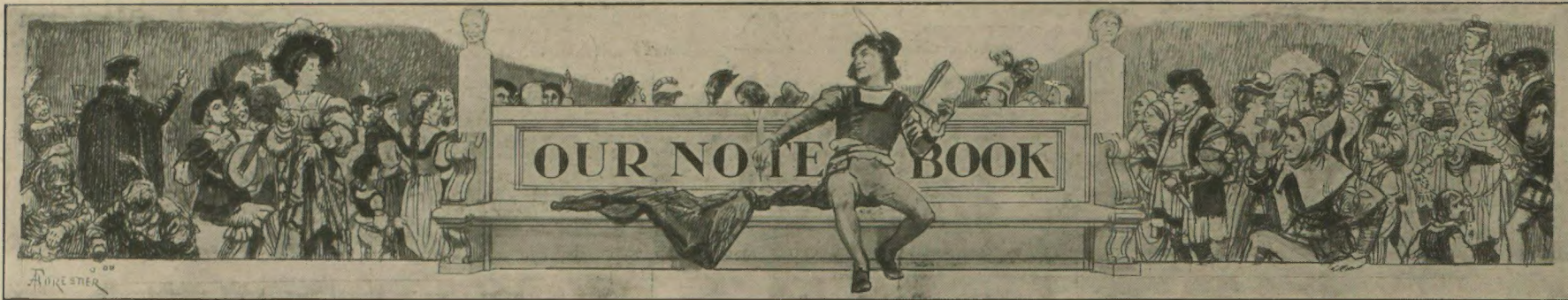


GIVE . . . THY RIGHTEOUSNESS UNTO THE KING'S SON": THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE
ON BOARD H.M.S. "RENOWN," DURING HIS VOYAGE.

At the time of writing, the news has just been received that the Prince of Wales landed at Auckland, in New Zealand, on April 24, and received an enthusiastic welcome. On Sunday, the 25th, which was Anzac Day, he attended two very impressive memorial services in honour of the New Zealand dead, one at St. Mary's Anglican Cathedral, and

the other in the Town Hall. The service at the cathedral included Psalm LXXII., appropriately chosen for its opening prayer: "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son." Our photograph—taken, of course, earlier in the tour, shows the Prince at a service on board the "Renown."

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



By HILAIRE BELLOC.

WHEN I read the account of what passed at San Remo, or any other of the innumerable rumours which have surrounded the international politicians for the last two years, I feel the desire which I have never felt before (but which I am told comes often in middle age) to come back again to life a hundred years hence or so, and see what has survived and what has not in the way of all these great arrangements.

The obvious thing to say (I confess to having said it myself many times) is that men calculate the future, and that the future ironically and even ludicrously diverges from their calculations. Of great things that is undoubtedly true, and one might make a very interesting little book by cutting out the obvious or the implied belief in the future which men of the best judgment have had. Religion, which is the great determiner of history, changes by processes of which we know nothing. And a change in religion—that is, in what people think right and wrong, and in what they will make sacrifices for—utterly upsets pre-arranged international plans.

For instance, a truly religious point in this war was the worship of nationality, patriotism. Men died in numbers which even the great religious wars between East and West could not touch; and, in the case of the Western nations at least, those who thus sacrificed themselves did so for the religion of patriotism. Patriotism in some form will endure. But it would be rash to prophesy that a hundred years hence it will attach to the same units as we find it attached to on the map to-day. There has always been devotion to that political unit which defines one's own existence—a city or a feudal lordship, or what not. But men have seen in quite recent times the growth, though not the decay, of more modern patriotisms. When I was in Italy a year ago the whole country, every class and every district, was white-hot upon the matter of Fiume. The sense of a United Italian nationality was universal, and Fiume was the test. The man who punched your ticket in a tramway talked about it in

the same tone as the man you met in some small village of the Apennines. Venice, next door, was not more full of it than Turin, nor Turin than a little place like St. Lorenzo in the heaven of the Mugello. It was as strong an indication of national unity as, let us say, the feeling in England against the Boers during the South African War, and it was still more complete. But there are plenty of people still living who will remember their travels in Italy between fifty and sixty years ago, when that universality of Italian feeling was unknown. There was an extremely strong and a growing current. It impelled much the greater part of the educated middle classes, but it was very far indeed from being universal. In great masses of the agricultural South, for instance, they would not have known what you meant if you had spoken of Italy as a nation—as an ideal for which it was natural to make the greatest sacrifices. Well, if a thing can grow like that in what is but a flash compared with the long processes of history, you have no guarantee at all that within a hundred years the quarrels of Europe may not turn on something quite different from the existing religion of patriotism. There will be a corresponding effect upon the map.

I say that all this doubt upon the stability of international arrangements is the obvious thing to say, and is, in the main, true.

But there is another side to the affair, and a curious man is pleased to notice the long survivals of regulations made in one age, and lasting on into another wholly different in intention and superiority. For instance, two thousand years ago there was a powerful tribe in Gaul which had their capital in what is now the town of Sens on the River Yonne. To the west of them there was a little tribe called the Parisii, and their chief city and stronghold was the island in the Seine on which the Cathedral of Notre Dame now stands. This little tribe, the Parisii, were dependent upon the very powerful tribe to the east of them. Therefore, when Roman administration was organised in France nineteen hundred years ago and more, Sens was an important provincial capital, and Paris was officially under Sens. The Church followed, of course, the model of Roman society, and the great bishoprics and archbishoprics were cast in the mould of civilian divisions. Therefore, you had an archbishopric at Sens, and at Paris you only had a bishop, who was suffragan to Sens.

geographically Spanish in France, and parts of what were geographically French in Spain. Now, of the first—the inclusion of what was Spanish in France—there is one prominent example of survival in the case of the Cerdagne.

The Cerdagne was on the Spanish side of the hills. Its dialect was purely Catalan—and is to this day in speech and custom—as are, say, the dialects of Seo or Gerona over the border. In this part of Spanish territory there was a little town called, if I remember rightly, Llvia. By the treaty "Cerdagne and all its villages" went to France. On the plea that Llvia was a town and not a village, the Spanish Crown claimed it. Mazarin, who was negotiating the Treaty, admitted the claim, and a curious compromise was arrived at. Llvia was turned into a sort of little island of Spanish territory completely surrounded by French territory, and a neutral road connected it artificially with Spain, a few miles away. There was (to us) an absurd arrangement possible only to a time before the modern idea of nation-

ality had arisen! Well, it endures unchanged; and will, perhaps, endure for centuries more. When I was last in Llvia, just before the war, it was like going into Spain. You go out of the French type of road and the French administration all round you, then you come right into a Spanish thing.

Now, if there is one of the great international Treaties of history more than another which, at the time it was made, looked unstable, it was the Treaty of the Pyrenees. The rivalry between the two Crowns of France and Spain had challenged half Europe. I fancy any living man with a knowledge of the Europe of that time would have told you that the Treaty was a compromise and makeshift, that it might hold long enough for the purposes of the French diplomacy at the moment, but not much longer; and yet it has held to this day! There is very little indeed of the original line then drawn out all that long time ago which is not the

frontier line to-day. Writing without references, I should say that there was not a yard of it that has changed. In this I may be wrong; but, at any rate, it stands precisely where it did.

So, I suppose, if one came back to life in a hundred years and saw what was then remaining of the elaborate arrangements which a handful of men have been making for us in Paris, San Remo, and London, we should find surviving, perhaps, the very last thing which we to-day expect; but what those survivals will be it would be very rash, and also what is called "controversial," to discuss.

There is one thing, however, that any man with a secure position can do if it amuses him, and that is to write down for the benefit of his posterity what he thinks the general lines of Europe will be a hundred years hence, and leave that document with the rest of his possessions for his descendants; they can find out in good time how far he was wrong. I have in my own study, pinned upon the wall, a paper on which a man with a very good knowledge of European diplomacy in the past wrote in 1915 what he thought the map of Europe would be at the end of the war. It is not so far out. But there is one enormous gap; he did not allow for the end of what we used to call "Russia." Nor did anybody else.



THE SAN REMO CONFERENCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT) MR. MATSUI (JAPAN); MR. LLOYD GEORGE; LORD CURZON; M. BERTHELOT; M. MILLERAND (WITH GLASSES), PREMIER OF FRANCE; SIGNOR SCIALOJA; AND SIGNOR NITTI, PREMIER OF ITALY.

Further photographs illustrating the Allied Conference at San Remo appear on another page.—[Photograph by Henri Manuel.]

Paris became the city of the Kings; it grew more and more important; Sens fell to be a small provincial town; but the arrangement went on and on and on, and lasted unchanged for thirteen hundred years. It continued up to the time when the position was manifestly ridiculous. It stood all the strain of the enormous increase in the importance of Paris—and, indeed, it might be the arrangement to this day but for the act of one King in the seventeenth century. Again, more than two and a half centuries ago, at a time when Spain was still a great rival to France, and had been but recently by far the strongest Power in the world, an elaborate Treaty, called the Treaty of the Pyrenees, was drawn up, establishing the boundary between monarchies. In that time people felt very differently on nationality from the way they feel now, and little snippets of country were cut off and pasted on to one map or the other without much inquiry as to what language the people spoke or what their customs were.

On the whole, the line divided the various Southern French dialects from the various Spanish dialects, but only quite roughly. It cut the Catalan group in two, and it cut the Basque nation in two, leaving large parts separated from the main body in each case. It not only did that, but it also included parts of what were

THE MANDATE FOR PALESTINE: JERUSALEM UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM.



A MOSLEM CEREMONY AT JERUSALEM: BLESSING THE HOLY FLAG FOR THE PILGRIMAGE TO MOSES' TOMB.



BRITISH TROOPS IN A MOSLEM PROCESSION: THE BAND OF THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT PRECEDING THE HOLY FLAG ON THE WAY TO THE TOMB OF MOSES.



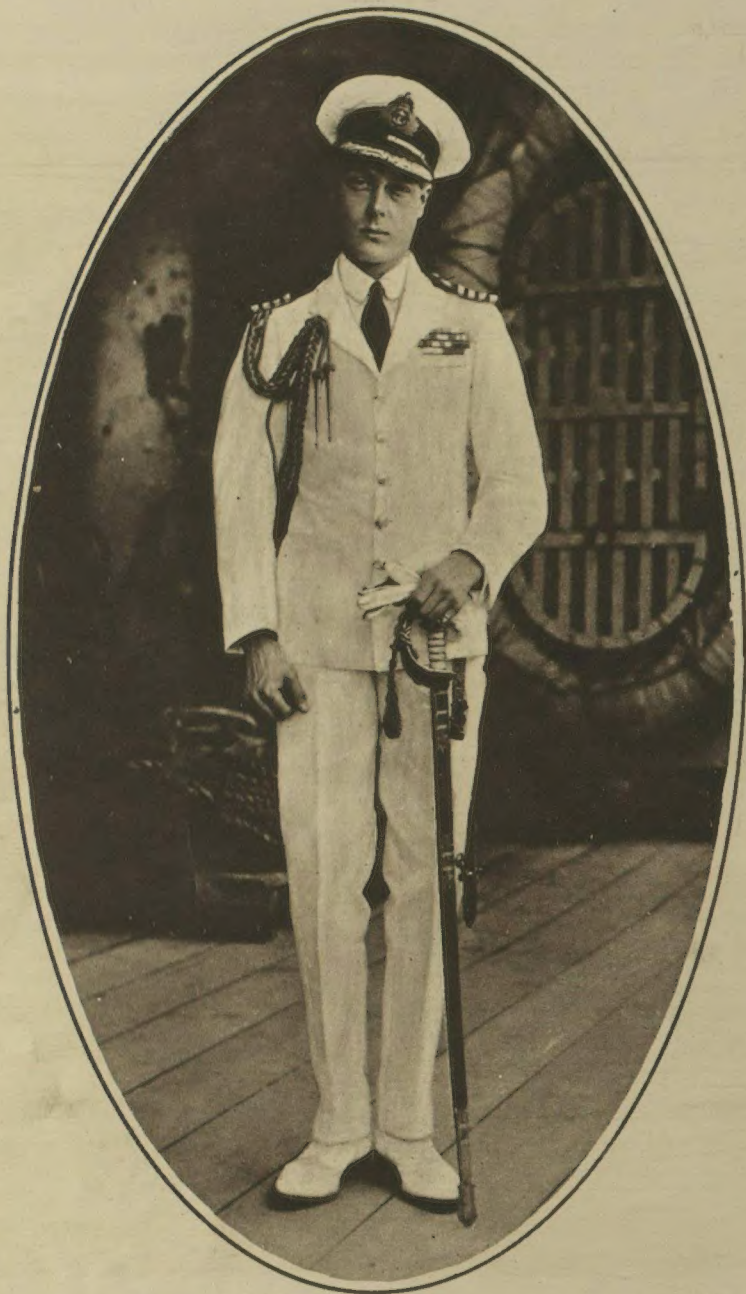
AN OCCASION OF DISTURBANCES BETWEEN ARABS AND JEWS IN JERUSALEM: MOSLEM ARAB VILLAGERS, WITH HOLY FLAGS, ARRIVING AT THE MOSQUE OF OMAR DURING THE PROCESSION WITH "THE" HOLY FLAG TO THE TOMB OF MOSES.

The announcement on April 26 that the Allied Council at San Remo had decided to award the Mandate for Palestine to Great Britain, and that Palestine was to be made a national home for the Jews, caused great satisfaction in Jewish circles. The decision has also tended towards reconciliation between the Jews and the Arabs. On April 25 the Zionist and Arab Delegations at San Remo dined together, and both sides declared their readiness to co-operate in the Near East. American Jews are also highly pleased. A Reuter message from New York said: "Jewish public opinion in the United States was intensely stirred by the reports of the excesses in Jerusalem and the sentence

(15 years' imprisonment) inflicted on Vladimir Jabotinsky. The news of the re-affirmation of the Balfour Declaration (on Zionism) came, therefore, as a joyful surprise." It may be recalled that the arrest and trial of M. Jabotinsky, head of the Jewish Defence Corps at Jerusalem, arose, presumably, out of the conflict there at Easter between Jews keeping the Passover and Arabs celebrating the Moslem festival of Nebi Musa, the traditional Tomb of Moses in the Wilderness of Judea. Many Arabs gathered at the Mosque of Omar and marched with their Holy Flag to the Tomb. Five Jews and 4 Moslems were killed, and 211 Jews and 22 Moslems wounded. British troops quelled the disturbances.

WHERE THE PRINCE ATE DOLPHIN: H.R.H. AT BARBADOS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



IN HIS WHITE NAVAL DRESS FOR TROPICAL CLIMATES THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD H.M.S. "RENOWN."



WHERE THE PRINCE SHOOK HANDS WITH 700 GUESTS: INTRODUCTIONS AT A GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BARBADOS.



"MAN OVERBOARD" FROM THE "RENOWN": A BOAT SEARCHING FOR THE MARINE GUNNER DROWNED NEAR BARBADOS.



A DIP IN A CANVAS SWIMMING-BATH STRETCHED BETWEEN THE "RENOWN'S" GUNS: THE PRINCE AND LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.



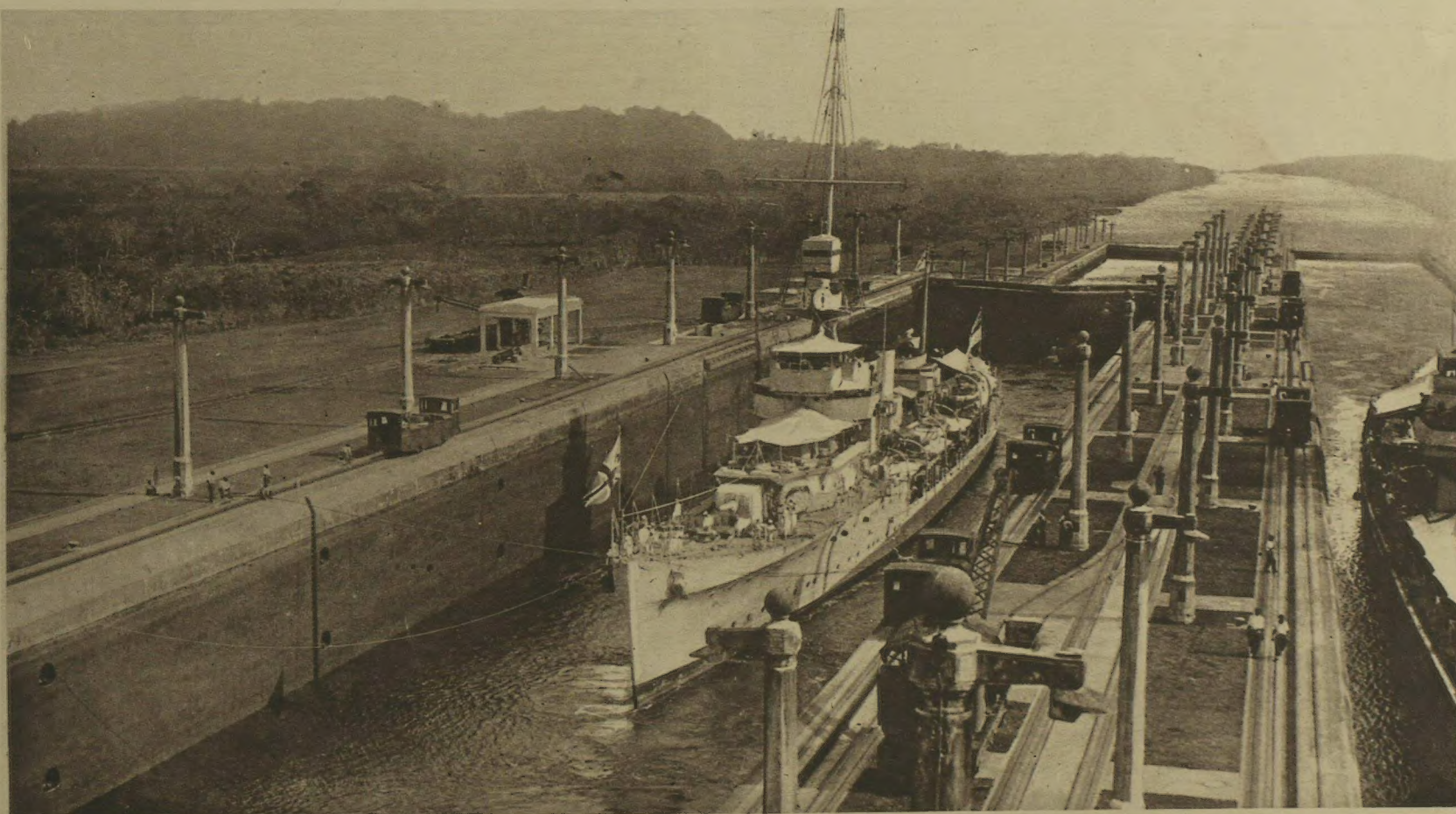
A YOUNG BARBADIAN PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE: MRS. JENKINS INTRODUCING HER LITTLE DAUGHTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

The Prince of Wales made the first landing of his new tour at Barbados on March 26. There was a tragic incident shortly before his arrival which greatly distressed him. A Marine gunner fell overboard, through a rail giving way, into a rough sea, and was lost despite every effort to save him. The "Renown" was turned back and remained two hours on the spot; lifebuoys were dropped; and a boat was launched and made a prolonged but unavailing search. The Prince cabled personally to the relatives, and

attended a funeral service held in the fore-castle. Off Barbados the Governor, Lieut-Col. C. R. M. O'Brien, came aboard. The Prince, who was the first royal visitor since his brother Prince Albert, then a Cadet in H.M.S. "Cumberland," landed there in 1913, had an enthusiastic welcome. A garden party was given at Government House, where he shook hands with each of the 700 guests, and a State dinner in the Assembly House. As a patriotic Barbadian, he ate flying fish and dolphin, and tasted the famous old rum.

THE "RENOWN" IN THE PANAMA CANAL: THE PRINCE'S RECORD PASSAGE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



1. AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE CULEBRA CUT: THE "RENOWN" PASSING AN ISLET FORMED BY A LANDSLIDE CLEARED FOR HER PASSAGE.

The great battle-cruiser "Renown," with the Prince of Wales on board, passed through the Panama Canal on March 30, being the largest ship that had ever done so. The event was the occasion of a hearty demonstration of friendship by the American officials. There had been doubts whether the passage would be possible. A big landslide had occurred in the Culebra Cut on March 20. "As a result," said a Reuter message of the 26th, "an islet 50 ft. wide and 3 ft. high is now visible above the channel. Over

2. WITH ELECTRIC TOWING-MOTORS ON THE SIDE WALLS: H.M.S. "CALCUTTA" (THE "RENOWN'S" ESCORT) IN THE GATUN LOCKS.

20 ships are still held up." Before the "Renown" entered the canal, 750,000 cubic yards of fallen earth had been removed by great efforts in six days. Even that was not the end of the trouble. A correspondent on board the "Renown," writing in the "Morning Post," says: "A precautionary sweep revealed the presence of a 50-ton rock right in the narrow fairway. . . . This made the Cut absolutely impassable to the 'Renown.' . . . Finally divers went down and blasted it to pieces."

HIDDEN OLD MASTERS FOUND BY THE X-RAYS: PAINTINGS RADIOGRAPHED.

By G. W. C. KAYE, O.B.E.

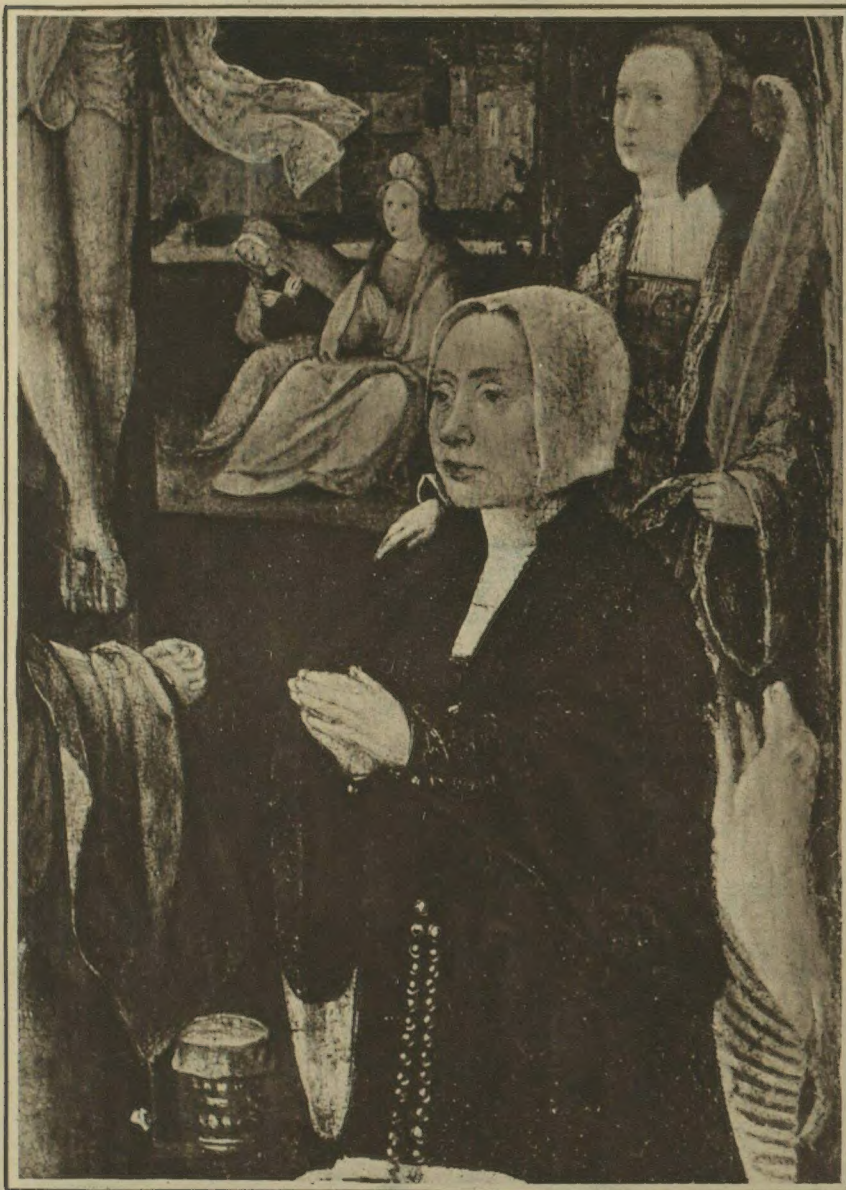
THE X-rays are extending nowadays into many spheres of activity. Quite apart from their indispensability in modern surgery and medicine, the uncanny power of the rays to visualise the interior of a body has rendered them useful in all manner of unsuspected directions. The botanist employs them to show up the anatomy of a rare specimen which he is loth to destroy by dissection. The conchologist can similarly see the delicate structure of his shells—some of the radiographs (especially when viewed stereoscopically) being of the most marvellous beauty. The tyre manufacturer can satisfy himself as to the correct disposition of the structural features of his tyres. The golf-ball manufacturer can scrutinise the

interior of his prizes—secret drawers will yield up their secrets, and Florentine busts will present no riddle to future Dr. Bodes!

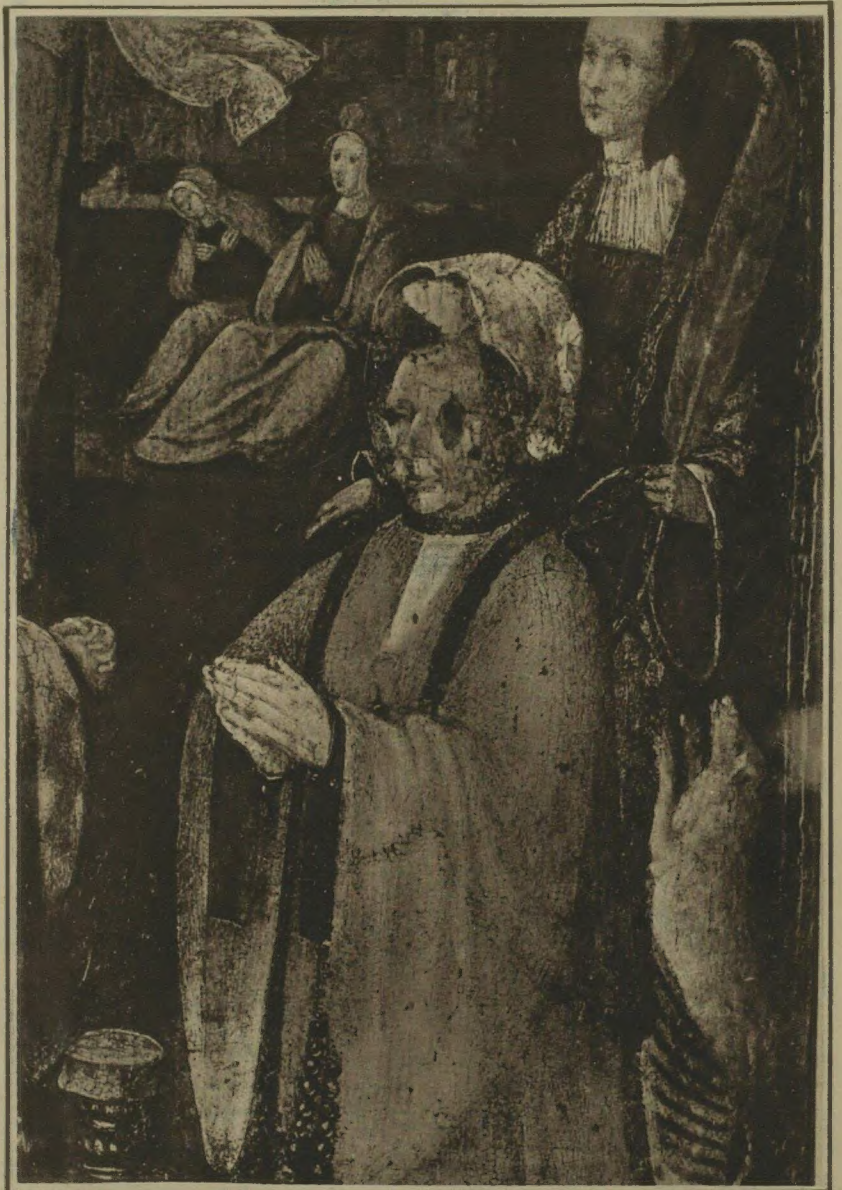
But probably most intriguing of all the manifold developments of the X-rays is the examination of pictures by the Old Masters—a very recent notion we owe to Dr. L. G. Heilbron, of Amsterdam. It is well known that some of the old paintings have suffered many vicissitudes at the hands of pupils, "restorers," or quondam owners. Success in detecting any alterations or additions since the original work would be possible only if the paint used by the master were denser than that used in the falsification. Some of the ancient pigments are obscure in composition; but the blacks, for example, of a more modern day are largely carbon, and, fortunately, very transparent to the X-rays. Dr. Heilbron proceeded to examine some six-

lady. The evidence was so clear that the picture was sent to be restored at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, the result being to bring to light once more the monk who had been hidden for 400 years.

Among the other paintings examined was a panel of the "Madonna" by Geertgen van St. Jans (c. 1500) which had always excited comment because of the apparently stiff and unnatural position of the arms. The radiograph showed that the presence of the Child in the arms of the Madonna fully explained their attitude. St. Jans is known to have painted his children disproportionately small, and the presumption is that this defect was the cause of some former owner having the Child painted out.



BEFORE RESTORATION: THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN DONOR PAINTED OVER THE ORIGINAL MONK IN ENGELBRECHTSEN'S "CRUCIFIXION."



AFTER RESTORATION, AND CONFIRMING THE X-RAY DIAGNOSIS: THE ORIGINAL MONK REVEALED WHEN THE SUPERIMPOSED PORTRAIT HAD BEEN CLEANED OFF.

On the opposite page we give a photograph of Engelbrechtsen's "Crucifixion," showing the whole picture as it was before being X-rayed and restored, side by side with the radiograph of it revealing the original figure of the monk beneath the portrait of the woman (probably at some time a donor of the picture) painted over it. As explained in the article on this page, the picture, after being radiographed, was restored, and the evidence of the X-rays was fully confirmed, as shown in the right-hand photograph above. Cornelis Engelbrechtsen was born at Leyden in 1468, and is said to have been the first Dutch artist to paint in oils. One of his pictures of the "Crucifixion" is in the Munich Gallery; another was preserved in the Church of Our Lady at Leyden. There is a "Madonna and Child" by him in our National Gallery. He died at Leyden in 1533.

symmetry of the interior construction of balls, so that no fault can be laid at his door by the irritated runner-up in a championship match. The geologist can view the structure of rare fossils or the presence of heavy (and maybe precious) metals in minerals. The aircraft constructor can test the workmanship of assembled wood or metal parts to maintain for British aircraft their present proud superiority. The inspector of shells, grenades, etc., can test the accuracy of assembly of the various vital interior workings. The Egyptologist can, without undoing the wrappings of a mummy, ascertain the presence of any metal ornaments or adornments. The antiquary can pry out the

teenth-century paintings, certain features of which were regarded with suspicion as possible later additions. One of these pictures, the "Crucifixion," by Cornelis Engelbrechtsen, painted about 1500, contained in the right foreground the portrait of a woman which it was suspected was that of a former "donatrice," who (after a fashion not unknown in those days) had thus sought to perpetuate her association with the picture. A radiograph of the painting showed many "restorations," especially on the right half, and beneath the portrait of the donatrice was revealed the picture of a monk in surplice and stole, the head being smaller than that of the obliterating

It will be seen that a great field is opened up for this method of detecting the presence of later additions imposed on the work of the original artists—for example, in the re-investigation of palimpsests and ancient manuscripts hitherto regarded as carrying only their face value. Under the trivial inscriptions of mediæval times there may be revealed older matter of priceless worth. Owners of valuable collections and directors of museums and art galleries ought not to be slow in turning to account so valuable a means of research, which, it may be added, is wholly devoid of harmful effects on the object to be examined.

X-RAYS AS "RESTORERS" OF OLD MASTERS: ORIGINAL "STATES" REVEALED.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MAJOR G. W. C. KAYE.



BEFORE THE X-RAY DISCOVERY: ENGELBRECHTSEN'S "CRUCIFIXION," WITH A FEMALE FIGURE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND.



THE X-RAY DISCOVERY: A RADIOGRAPH OF THE "CRUCIFIXION," REVEALING A MONK BENEATH THE WOMAN'S FIGURE.



BEFORE THE X-RAY DISCOVERY: A "MADONNA" BY ST. JANS (c. 1500), SHOWING THE STIFF AND UNNATURAL POSITION OF THE ARMS.



THE X-RAY DISCOVERY: A RADIOGRAPH OF ST. JANS' "MADONNA," SHOWING THE CHILD IN HER ARMS (SUBSEQUENTLY PAINTED OUT).

Remarkable developments have recently been made in the use of X-rays, as explained by Major G. W. C. Kaye in his article on the preceding page. Especially interesting is the new method, originated by Dr. L. G. Heilbron, of Amsterdam, of applying them to the detection of later additions and alterations to the paintings of Old Masters, and the discovery of the original "state" of pictures which have been thus tampered with. Two examples of such discoveries are illustrated above. In the one case a figure of a monk in Cornelis Engelbrechtsen's "Crucifixion" was shown to have been converted into that

of a woman—probably an owner of the picture who at some time made a gift of it to a church and wished to preserve her own memory. The result of the X-ray diagnosis was confirmed by a restoration of the picture to its original condition, as illustrated by the photographs on the facing page. In the other case, a "Madonna" by St. Jans was found to have had the Child painted out, leaving the Mother's arms in an unnaturally stiff attitude, which gave rise to suspicions. St. Jans usually painted children disproportionately small, and some owner of the picture may have disliked it for that reason.

THE EVENT OF THE "SOCCER" YEAR: A RECORD IN THE CUP FINAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE ASTON
VILLA
GOAT-
KREPPY-
HARDY
SAVING.

THE TOSS: THE CAPTAINS OF THE OPPOSING TEAMS (ASTON VILLA AND HUDDERSFIELD) LOOKING AT THE FALLEN COIN.



THE HUDDERSFIELD GOALKEEPER WHO PUT UP A FINE DEFENCE: MUTCH RUNNING OUT AND CLEARING.



A SMALLER CROWD THAN USUAL IN FORMER DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MATCH AND THE SPECTATORS (SOME 50,000) AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.



THE SPECTATOR-IN-CHIEF—THE KING'S THIRD SON: PRINCE HENRY SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ASTON VILLA TEAM.

Aston Villa created a record by winning the Football Association Cup for the sixth time, by their victory over Huddersfield Town at Stamford Bridge on April 24. It was a close game, and, as neither side had scored when the allotted time was up, play was continued for half an hour, during which Aston Villa succeeded in obtaining a goal from a corner kick. The ball was headed into the net, and it was hard luck on the Huddersfield goalkeeper, Mutch, who had put up a fine defence and frustrated many previous



ASTON VILLA'S SIXTH VICTORY: THEIR CAPTAIN, DUCAT, RECEIVING THE CUP FROM PRINCE HENRY AFTER THE MATCH.

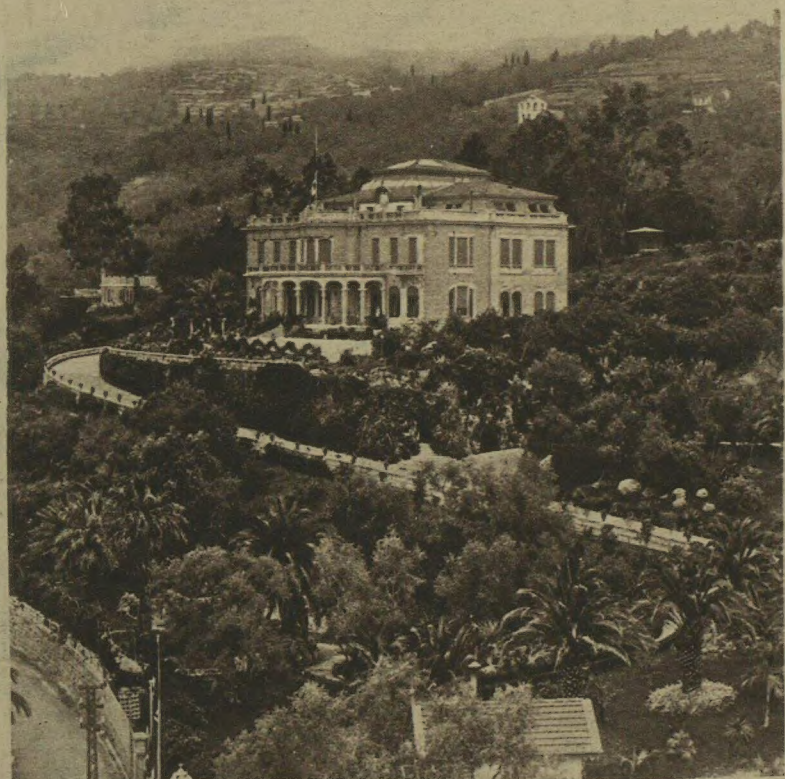
attempts, that he was unable to save it. Prince Henry, who shook hands with all the players before the game began, and afterwards handed the Cup to the captain of the winning team, had a great reception from the crowd. The number of spectators—officially given as 50,018—was a good deal smaller than in former days when the Cup Final was played at the Crystal Palace, but the gate money was a record amount—£9,722 ros. No doubt higher train fares and admission prices, besides the new ground, had an effect,

SAN REMO: THE ALLIED LEADERS AND THEIR PLACE OF MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL AND HENRI MANUEL.



AT A COUNCIL SITTING AT SAN REMO: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED AT THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE TABLE) M. MILLERAND (THE FRENCH PREMIER), SIGNOR SCIALOJA, SIGNOR NITTI (ITALIAN PREMIER), MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND LORD CURZON.



THE "PARADISE" IN WHICH THE THREE PREMIERS MET: THE VILLA DEVACHAN, SAN REMO, ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.



PERFECT ANGLO-FRENCH ACCORD ON THE MILITARY SIDE: MARSHAL FOCH ARM-IN-ARM WITH FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.

It was stated on April 26 that the Allied leaders at San Remo had reached an agreement on the subjects discussed, and had decided to issue a joint manifesto. It was expected that this would insist on the disarmament of Germany, her evacuation of the neutral zone, and the reduction of her army, with permission, however, to strengthen her police force. The manifesto would deal, it was said, with the question of reparation by Germany, and would contain a French disclaimer of any intention to annex the Ruhr coalfield or the Rhineland. Progress had also been made with the settlement of the

Eastern question, the mandate for Syria being allotted to France, and those for Palestine and Mesopotamia to Great Britain. It had been decided to make Palestine a national home for the Jews. It was thought probable that German representatives would be summoned later to a conference at Brussels as to the mode in which Germany is to pay what is due in reparation (estimated at 50,000,000,000 marks). The conferences at San Remo were held in the Villa Devachan. On arrival there, Mr. Lloyd George described it as "Paradise," and asked jokingly which of the three Premiers was going to be the Serpent.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

I HAVE been trying to dissipate the despondency which is the worst of the *sequelæ* of influenza, with the study of a dozen American poets, of whom only one or two are known, even as regards their mere names, on this side of the Atlantic. It is only of late years that the American people have begun to take poetry seriously. For generations they were engrossed in the conquest of their many wildernesses, the development of all possible means of material luxury.



MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SIDGWICK (MRS. BASIL DE SELINCOURT) WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE THIRD WINDOW," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Russell.

They set the science of making a livelihood far above the art of living which, for nations and individuals alike, is three parts a spiritual issue. Only in the last ten years have they come to see that poetry must be loved for itself alone, as the very bread and wine of man's pilgrim soul. To-day they are profoundly interested in their many singers and makers, looking upon them as the forerunners of the great American poet who should come.

In "NEW VOICES" (New York: the Macmillan Company; 8s. 6d. net), by Marguerite Wilkinson, we have an admirable introduction to this latter-day efflorescence of American poetry. Miss Wilkinson, who is one of the best-known "creative critics" in America, adds to the value of her guide-book to the new Parnassus by quoting parallel illustrative passages from our own Georgian poets. Her zeal for the latest *arriviste* does not mislead her into belittling the old masters. She has no quarrel with the great Victorians, and would admit, no doubt, that even such a cultivator of artistic traditions as Tennyson, the English Virgil, was ultra-modern when he wrote "The Brook," or made such memorable pictures as that of the symbolic evening in "Ulysses"—

The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep

Moans round with many voices.

She also understands that the great and typical rhythms that distinguish the poetry of the dominating literary languages—the Greek hexameter, for example, or English blank verse—are the result of the racial way of feeling things and putting them into speech, and so have a certain universal validity—though they, too, as a study of our blank verse from Shakespeare to Swinburne clearly shows, change with the changing time and so reflect its spirit. What she challenges as dead and disvoiced is the "minor" poetry—at best only a poetical criticism of other people's poetry—which imitates the mannerisms, the antiquated phraseology, and the used-up rhythms and patterns of the years that have gone by.

The vital principle of the new poetry here and in America is a return to the living speech of the people, the colloquial phrases which we use every day to communicate our deepest and most abiding emotions. Words that are good enough for our undying days of love and sorrow, the very intonation of which may survive in remembrance to the end of a life-time, cannot be "unpoetical," whatever those critics choose

to say who believe that the old masters have standardised poetic diction into a kind of sacrosanct *argot* or technical super-tongue. It is to Mr. Kipling, the most eager and various of experimentalists, that we owe our release from the stereotyped rhythms and standardised phrases which were the stock-in-trade of the "ninetyish" imitators who, finding that plain people would not read this stuff, insisted that all art was a thing as remote from the comprehension of the crowd as the Moon, her pallid face written all over with the *hic jacets* of her dead past, is from the green, busy, living Earth. If poetry is once more to appeal to the people, to be once more a part of the art of living for everybody, we must give up all this look-see of solemn logomachy.

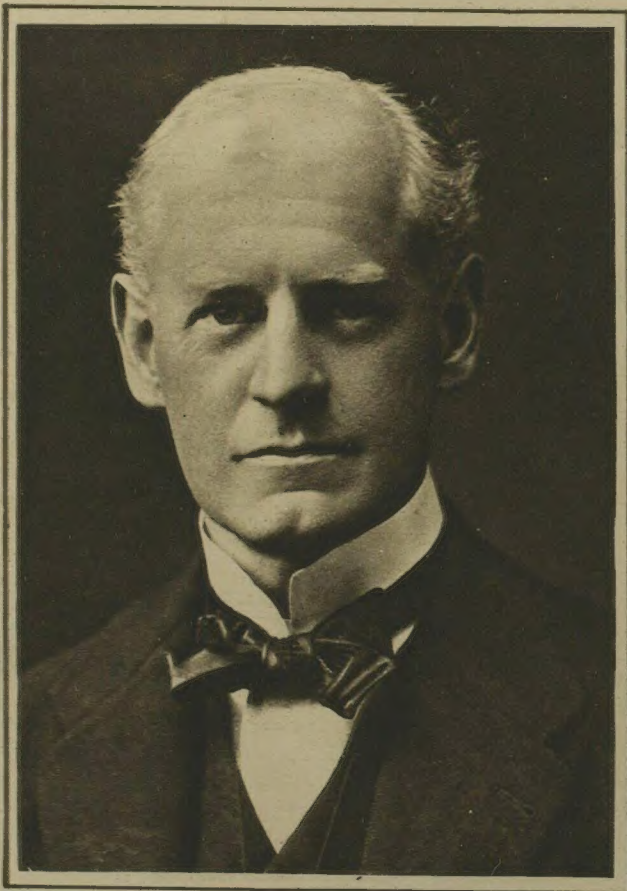
There are still conservative poets in America, if only because the influence of the Boston "Brahmins" is still widespread, though waning fast. Mr. George Woodberry, who can write such lines as—

The inextinguishable beauty old
Of the far-shining mountains and the sea,

is classed as ultra-conservative by Miss Wilkinson. Bliss Carman, Anna Branch, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Katherine Bates are all accomplished craftsmen who are not altogether out of sympathy with the new poetry, though they prefer the old patterns and otherwise stick to the highway of poetic tradition. But they are not as interesting as Miss Amy Lowell and Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who now rank as the chief experimentalists blazing out new pathways of song and opening up new horizons of emotion. The former is certainly the most accomplished "symbolist" in either half of Anglo-Saxondom. She makes her symbolical pictures out of easy English prose-rhythms, among which no *cliché* of the pontifical bards can ever be discovered. Here are a few feet of film from her cinematography of "The Bombardment"—

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming run the flames. Over roofs and walls and shops and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky, the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lisps and chuckles along the floors.

I prefer her symbolism to Mr. Ezra Pound's, which



MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, WHOSE NEW PLAY, "THE SKIN GAME," WAS PRODUCED THE OTHER DAY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Russell.

always strikes me as mustard-and-cress grown in a hot-house.

In the making of what Miss Wilkinson calls "radical" poetry (Mr. Noyes calls it sheer Bolshevism) we have young fellows who can give their American

rivals one stroke a hole, I should say. Mr. Clement Wood (U.S.A.), who begins his spring poem as follows—

Hey, old world, old lazy-bones,
wake to the Spring-tune!

The music of the spheres is quickened to a jig—

Wobble a one-step along your flashing orbit, with the moon for your light-tripping partner,

would not make much of a show against the more advanced contributors to "Wheels." Mr. Carl Sandberg, who uses when he chooses the lingo of the Chicago



MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "THE LONELY HOUSE," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

underworld and who begins his "Wilderness" as follows—

O, I got a zoo, I got a managerie, inside my ribs,
Under my bony head, under my red-valve heart—

is Miss Amy Lowell deprived of the last shreds of literary respectability. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, author of the "Spoon River Anthology," is already known over here. He has been a lawyer, thereby acquiring a deep knowledge of the hidden lives of men and women, and his famous book, which has been called "the apotheosis of village gossip," has but one fault: except on the rare occasions when it seems to echo and reflect the style of Whitman, it might have been written in prose.

But of all these new American poets, only Mr. Vachel Lindsay seems to have achieved a mastery of new forms. Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Robert Nichols have paid homage to his rowdy virtuosity, and it is impossible not to admire the joyous manner in which his Muse jazzes and cake-walks. He is known to English critics as the author of the picture, run off to tambourine-music, of General Booth entering Heaven with his army of broken lives who become as they enter the golden streets—

Sages and sibyls now and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires and of forests green.

But "The Santa Fé Trail" gives the best impression of his power and originality in the manipulation of the colloquial rhythms which express certain modern, half-mechanical ecstasies proper to an age of comradeship with machinery. It is written to three tunes, the first of which introduces the motor-horns on the track parallel to the railway that runs down into the South-West—

Ho for the tear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn,
Ho for the gay-horn, bark-horn, bay-horn.
Ho for Kansas land that restores us
When houses choke us and great books bore us!

The second is a quiet and slow rhythm of reverie under the tall tassell'd Indian corn—

I am caught in the web the night-winds spin.

And the third is the song of the small, melodious bird called "Rachel-Jane" by the old negroes of Kansas and the lands still further in the South-West—

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Dew and glory,
Love and truth—
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!

A poet indeed, if not the great American poet who should come!

"A CITY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES": WASHINGTON—THE CAPITOL.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A U.S. ARMY AIRPLANE: SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"IT IS IN WASHINGTON THAT ONE REALISES HOW VALUABLE FOR MANKIND THE UNITED STATES OF THE FUTURE MAY BECOME": PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE AND THE CAPITOL, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.



"HERE ARE NOBLE STRETCHES OF WATER AND GREAT BUILDINGS AND THE CHERISHING OF HISTORIC MEMORIES": A CLOSER AIR VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AND CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

"It is in Washington, rather than in the roaring cities of triumphant industrialism, that one realises how valuable for mankind the United States of the future may become." We quote an excellent article on "America and the British Empire," by Mr. Walford D. Green, in the April number of the "Nineteenth Century and After." "Here," he continues, "a new capital is being slowly built in the midst of hills and woods, and homage is paid to the beauty of lawns and trees. Here are noble stretches of water and great buildings and the cherishing of historic memories, a quietness and simplicity that are

distinguished. The Englishman wanders from statue to statue, and reads the names of many who fought for the Americans in the war against England. But he will never find England named as the country which acknowledged defeat. That is a fine instance of restraint, and Washington collects and shows very modestly the evidences of national greatness. She commemorates both sides in the Civil War, which was the first proof that materialism is never the supreme consideration to a people destined to such influence as America must ultimately yield."

THE "VERSAILLES" OF AMERICA: WASHINGTON—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A U.S. ARMY AEROPLANE; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



"HOMAGE IS PAID TO THE BEAUTY OF LAWNS AND TREES": AN AIR VIEW OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, ONE OF SEVERAL GREAT CENTRES OF LEARNING IN WASHINGTON.



AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE LOOKING DOWN ON THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING IN WASHINGTON.

Besides being the seat of government of the United States, Washington is a great centre of learning. Among its chief educational institutions are the George Washington (formerly called the Columbian) University, Georgetown University, the Catholic University of America, and Howard University. The State, War, and Navy Building, seen in our lower photograph here, is situated near the White House and the Treasury. Washington has been called "a city of magnificent distances." It was chosen as the capital in 1790, and the Government was transferred thither from Philadelphia in 1800. The city was

laid out, on a spacious plan, largely modelled on Versailles, from the designs of a French engineer, Major d'Enfant, and is notable for the breadth of its main streets and avenues. As Mr. Walford Green says in his article quoted under our photographs of the magnificent Capitol, "homage is paid to the beauty of lawns and trees," a statement which is well illustrated in the upper photograph above, showing a general view of Georgetown University and its beautiful grounds, as seen from an aeroplane flying over it. It will be noted that ample provision is made for open-air sports.

SHRINES OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN: VERNON: POTOMAC PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A U.S. ARMY AEROPLANE; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON LIVED AND DIED: HIS OLD HOME AT MOUNT VERNON, VIRGINIA—NOW A NATIONAL MUSEUM AND A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE—SEEN FROM THE AIR.



COMMEMORATING AMERICA'S GREATEST MAN IN THE CITY NAMED AFTER HIM, OF WHICH HE CHOSE THE SITE: THE GREAT MONUMENT TO GEORGE WASHINGTON IN POTOMAC PARK—SEEN FROM THE AIR.

The veneration in which the memory of George Washington is held throughout the United States centres in his old home at Mount Vernon, Virginia, now preserved as a national museum. It was after his early campaigns against the French, and his retirement in 1758, when he was twenty-six, that he first settled down on the estate inherited from his half-brother. This property, increased by a wealthy marriage, made him a rich man. After his victory over the British at Yorktown in 1781, he again went to live at Mount Vernon, until his election to the Presidency in 1789. Eight years later,

after his second term of office, he finally retired to his Virginian home, and died there in 1799. In a memorial oration, Judge Marshall spoke of him as the greatest American, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He suggested the site of Washington, which stands on the left bank of the Potomac River, in the District of Columbia. It was originally called Federal City, but was named after him in 1791. In Potomac Park he is commemorated by a white marble obelisk, 555 ft. high, with a temple at its base. Over 200 towns and villages in the States bear his name.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

IF it is not a hoax—and I doubt it, for a great Paris paper has published the news in a very serious manner—the Millennium is coming for the aspirant playwright. "Why should not every play that is written have a chance?" said a 'cute Parisian young man of letters; and he gave out that he had found a nice little theatre in Montmartre—they easily construct them there in warehouses, basements, and cellars—which he intended to consecrate to the Cause of the Great Unacted. "Send in your plays," said he, "and they will be acted whether they be good, bad, or indifferent. You never can tell what rare treasures may be hidden in your desk." The Theatre of the Unacted would be worked on lines of co-operation. Everybody who wished to make a bid for immortality would be expected to bear a share in the expenses; all the sums paid in would be pooled, and if luck had it that a real winner—that is, a play accepted, after production, by a regular

proposed the establishment of a Trial Theatre—not quite so drastic as the Paris scheme—that it came into being in a sense, and would have gone on but for the want of a little cash.

There is some method in the Parisian madness, albeit in theory only, and I think that the underlying idea is a two-fold one. First, that some means should be found to ascertain the merits of plays the very fewest of which attain so much as a mere reading. Second, that until a play is tested in some plastic way, no one can with any certainty foretell how it will act. Nor would I advocate that we should follow the Parisian example, which merely presents itself as a curiosity. But we might with some hope of success encourage the practice of the Liverpool Playgoers' Society, which often has plays read in public by members who have studied the parts under competent guidance—a method that very fairly conveys the next best impression to stage representation.

smile which told so much in confusion and apology, and, at the crux of the episode, his gentle pathos, so unobtrusive, so genuine, that it moved us more



IN "ANITRA'S DANCE," TO GRIEG'S MUSIC, AT DRURY LANE: Mlle. BRUNOVA, A MEMBER OF MME. PAVLOVA'S COMPANY.

Photograph by Van Riel, Buenos Aires.

theatre—should arise, then the contributors would share in the profits. *Prima facie*, it seems a mad scheme; for, granted that there is a public for all manner of quaint experiments—to say nothing of fond relations and friends of the author—can it be expected that the critics will pay attention to the performances on the off-chance of finding grain among the chaff? Yet there are possibilities. I remember a certain play which, after having been rejected by many managers, and put on by a mere fluke after a failure—because there was nothing else handy—came, saw, and conquered. I remember the early struggles of Sardou, who wrote thirty plays before one was produced—and was, I think a failure—yet who hammered away until he had one more chance, achieved success, and henceforth could easily liquidate his stock. There are many other authors who played the weary waiting game for years—there is one now in London who confesses to some fifty "duds"—from farce to tragedy, from a problem to a political play. Lastly, it is on record that more than thirty years ago someone in the then flourishing *Dramatic Review*

Leonard Boyne, who died recently, was one of my earliest acquaintances on the London stage. He was playing at the time at the Vaudeville in Robert Buchanan's "Sophia," an adaptation from Fielding, and all London was talking of the beautiful Miss Kate Rorke and that "wild, fascinating young Irishman"—Leonard Boyne. To me he was a revelation: such fire, such power of diction, such force now and again overlapping into vehemence—where was the like of it on the English stage of that day? True, we had the brilliant William Terriss, but his talent was of a different fibre: with Boyne it seemed all to come from the furnace, with Terriss from the forge. Boyne was erratic. There were days when he concealed part of his words between pursed lips, or would propel them as from a pop-gun. But he was always spontaneous: acting with him was not an acquired thing; it was innate, and sprang from him simply because it was there and must out. His range was wide, but his style harmonised both with romance and melodrama; and it is a quaint experience that, whereas he was very popular and in great demand as a juvenile, there came a period when his light was, as it were, under a bushel. For he was often on tour, and perhaps he was not one of those who carry secondary parts into prominence. Of his work in the earliest part of this century, Belsize in "The Marriage of Kitty" is perhaps best remembered. His Irish descent stood him in good stead here, for he displayed all the wit of a real comedian entwined with the tact of the diplomatist who understands how to glide over thin ice. Then, as they say in plays, years passed, and

the next real bid for fame was in George Birmingham's delightful comedy, "General John Regan." The part of the Innkeeper might have been written for him; it became very nearly the central figure, for in it Boyne, sportsman as he was in his heart, found all he desired—he had but to be himself. And when Boyne felt a part he carried all before him. His grand finale—I fear it was also his grand exit—was in Maugham's "Caroline," in which he played the elderly Irish baronet who very nearly made a fool of himself over the charming lady, and in a delicious scene saw his peril and his audacity. When one sees hundreds of plays, scenes become vaguely misty in memory, but very distinctly I see Boyne's engaging personality—his faultless attire, his exquisite manner, his suavity of address, his bashful



SEEN IN TSCHAIKOWSKY'S BALLET, "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," AT DRURY LANE: Mlle. BUTSOVA, OF MME. PAVLOVA'S COMPANY.

Photograph by Ortiz, Mexico.

deeply than many an impassioned scene. It was in characters of intermingled humour and pathos that Leonard Boyne excelled and held his audience. For even in his mannerisms there was the undercurrent of distinction which indicates the uncommon mind.

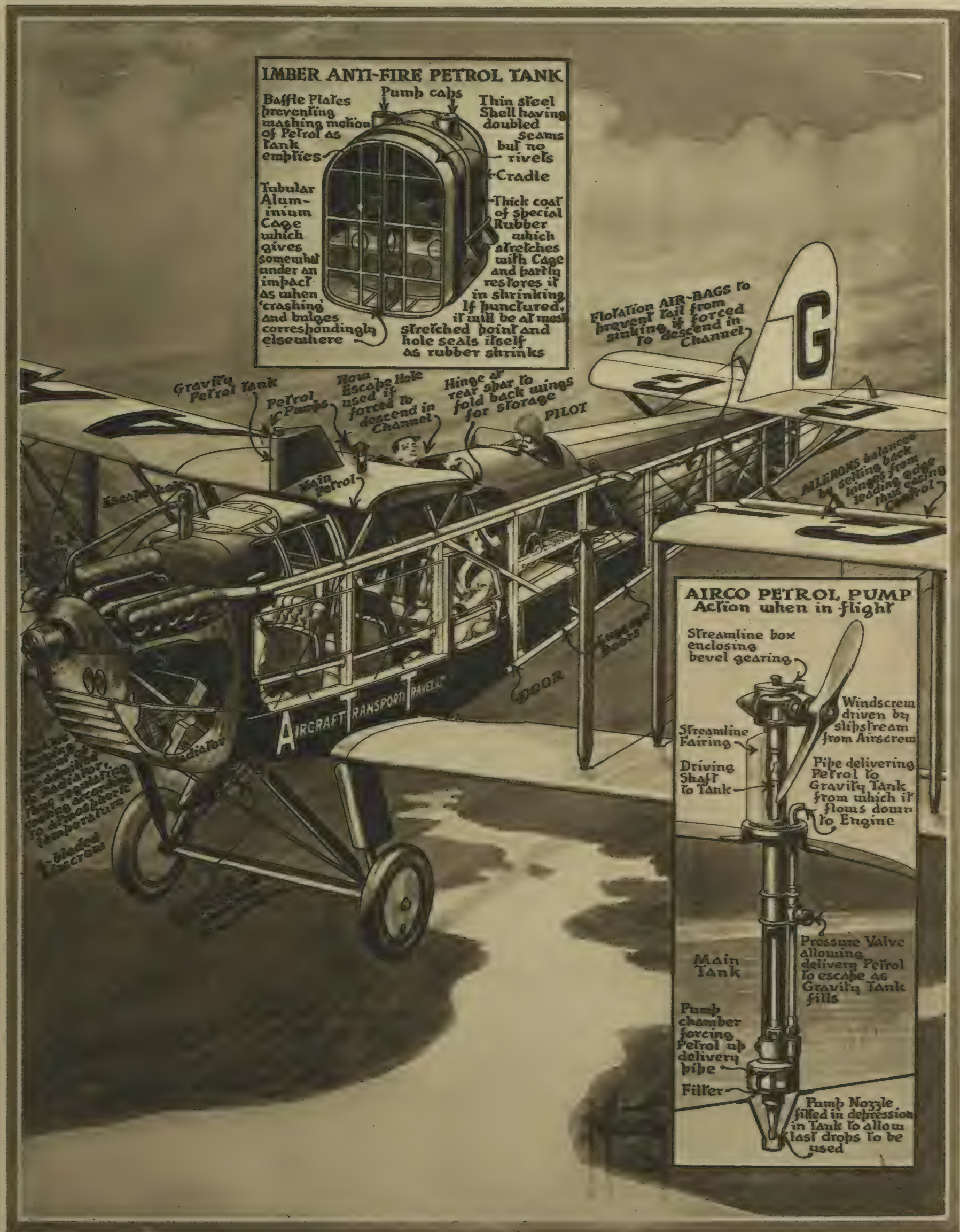


"THE SOUL THAT SINGS": Mlle. RAQUEL MELLER, IN "JOY-BELLS" (THIRD EDITION), AT THE HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE FIRST ONE-ENGINED EIGHT-SEATER: A "SAFETY FIRST" AEROPLANE.

DRAWN BY S. W. CLATWORTHY.



WITH EMERGENCY EXITS AND ANTI-FIRE PETROL TANK: THE "AIRCO 18"—A NEW TYPE OF CROSS-CHANNEL AEROPLANE.

The traces of war-time design apparent in the Airco machines hitherto employed on the London-Paris service have vanished in the new type. This new machine, the Airco 18, carries, for the first time commercially, eight passengers, instead of the previous four, on one engine (a Napier "Lion" of 450 h.p.). It has a commodious cabin. The pilot, reversing previous practice, sits behind. Special provision, as detailed in the drawing, is made in case of forced descent in the Channel. Six of this type are building to replace older machines. As in other Airco machines, an Imber anti-fire tank, whose

construction was a close secret during the war, is used. Twenty bullets have been fired through a tank as a test, and a grenade exploded one foot away, without a leak resulting. The Airco 18 made her maiden trip from Hounslow to Paris on March 31, fully loaded, with the pilot, eight passengers, and 500 lb. of luggage. She accomplished the flight against the wind in 2 hours 10 minutes. On another occasion she flew at 121 miles an hour at 5000 ft. with a similar load. Our artist, who has flown in the new machine found her very comfortable and steady.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.

A PARISIAN FASHION PARADE: MADAME DECIDES UPON HER FROCKS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AGNE.



In the Show-Room: Dresses Displayed by Mannequins, that the Parisienne may make her Choice.

Every woman knows that the selection of her dresses at this time of the year is a specially solemn rite. There are many varieties of the latest modes from which to choose, and as the beautiful mannequins defile before her in the exquisite setting of a showroom in one of the Parisian temples of Fashion, Madame has to visualise herself in each dress, and gauge the value of every model, in the terms of her own particular style. Our photograph shows Fashion-worship as carried on at the Maison Jean Patou, in Paris, and illustrates the beauty of the mannequins and their setting, the serious consideration which the one male adviser at the meeting exhibits, and the smiling suggestions

of the *rendezvous* who is in conversation with the shopper on the extreme right. The three evening dresses illustrate evening fashions of the moment. That on the left shows the feeling for voluminous skirts which is very strong just now, for not only is it provided with full, floating, pointed panels, but the embroidered underskirt is also far from narrow in cut. The glaucé silk model in the centre, on the contrary, clings to the effect of a narrow underskirt, and the black dress with its panniers of jet and embroidered bodice has not allowed itself to be extravagant in the amount of material for its black satin fourreau.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE: A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

"FRENCH culture, the oldest, the most exquisite in the world, is in peril. We cannot have too much co-operation to help us to save it, and to this end we must give our most earnest thought."

With these solemn words an eminent French writer concludes an illuminating, if somewhat pessimistic,

agitation and unrest consequent upon that upheaval? Surely our stock of patience is not so easily exhausted; let us wait for a little while. I, for one, am confident that France is merely passing through a temporary period of mental inertia, and will emerge in her own good time to take up once more the position she has always so gracefully held as the brilliant leader of new thought in the Western world.

Within the last few days has been concluded one of the most sensational trials in a country already renowned for *causes célèbres*—that of M. Caillaux, ex-Prime Minister of France, on trial for high treason. The arresting personality of the accused, the brilliant manner in which he has conducted his own defence, and his amazing memory for detail, coupled with his *sangfroid* under the fiercest cross-examination, have combined to hold the attention not only of the judges, but of the general public who thronged the galleries day after day.

Hardly less interesting than the personality of M. Caillaux himself is that of his leading counsel, Maître Demange, whose name has been associated with all the big political trials of the last half-century, including that of the famous Dreyfus. In following the reports of the proceedings in the Senate throughout the Caillaux trial, one has been struck by the extraordinary freedom exercised by the Press in the matter of comment—a thing unknown in England under similar circumstances. One

cannot refrain from speculating upon the unconscious effect upon the judges of such biased expressions of opinions, for example, as that to which the *Figaro* has given utterance throughout the trial. M. Caillaux was not being tried by the Senate alone; the whole nation was his judge. When Maître Demange rose in the last act of the drama to gather up the threads of this complicated case and weave them into a skilful defence, he had as difficult a task as any he has had in his long and distinguished career at the Bar.

It is said that the number of Senators who retained their right to sit in judgment on the last day of the trial by being present every day at roll-call was unusually large, so sustained has been the interest in the case. At least one distinguished Senator regretfully forfeited his right by arriving just two minutes after he had been called; but so rigidly is the rule enforced that his name was immediately erased from the roll of final judges, to his evident distress. It is a just

rule which exacts the presence at every sitting of those on whom finally devolves the grave responsibility of judging one of their fellows arraigned before the High Court.

In spite of the somewhat unsettled weather conditions, there have been record attendances at the race-meetings in and around Paris the last few weeks. As one drove through the Bois de Boulogne on Sunday last, fully six hundred private motor-cars, not to mention auto-buses and taxis, were to be seen parked in all the *allées* leading to Longchamp Racecourse. The *Pari Mutuel*, by the record takings, indicated that there was no lack of money in the pockets of the well-dressed crowds who thronged the enclosures. And yet one is told on every hand that France is bankrupt, that trade is at a standstill owing to the depreciation of the franc, and poverty is the plea for the non-payment of taxes by every class in the community. Only last week Count Stanislaus de Castellane, a brilliant member of the Chamber, with a fine record of public service behind him, delivered a forceful and well-reasoned appeal to his fellow-countrymen to face their responsibilities to the State, and thus help the country to regain her stability and her place in the world of commerce.

But France, alas! is not in the mood to listen to such good advice; there is, unfortunately, a general atmosphere of restlessness which manifests itself in the exaggerated rumours of May-day strikes, which the pessimists predict will be widespread and paralysing. Everyone is ready to believe the very worst that can happen, and immediately all work ceases in anticipation of trouble. Until this fever has run its course, France will not look the facts in the face; but when the awakening comes—and let us hope it will be soon—no country has greater resources or greater powers of recovery.



A MODERN LANCRET: Mlle. COCÉA IN A CALLOT DRESS.

If a beautiful marquise of the Court of Louis XV. came to life again, she would view with enraptured eyes this adaptation of the fashion of her day. The colour of the creation is deep rose-and-silver brocade.—[Photograph by Wyndham.]

treatise on what he describes as the "*crise intellectuelle*" through which France is passing at the moment. Looking back through the last half of the nineteenth century, he seeks to demonstrate the decline of French literature since the days when Paul Bourget, Anatole France, Loti, and Maupassant first gave of their best to an appreciative world. According to this writer, his countrymen have steadily deteriorated in the world of literature and art; and he says with bitterness that already the "*savants étrangers*" are turning to Germany instead of France to publish their works for them. Finally, he points the finger of scorn at the plays which are now being performed in the Paris theatres—plays which attract the erstwhile public of Dumas, Meilhac, and Halévy—deducing therefrom a fatal deterioration of the public taste, unable any longer to appreciate the best forms of art. This strong note of pessimism is already familiar to those who have studied the attitude of French writers towards their country during the past eighteen months; it is a form of war-weariness which manifests itself in many different ways, and is like an under-current through every phase of social and industrial life just now.

But surely the explanation of this state of affairs is not far to seek, and the cause is common to all the Allies. Have we too not suffered from the effects of the desperate fight for Liberty which strained every nerve and demanded all our energies for five long years? Has the civilised world recovered yet from the clash of arms? None of us can be said to have returned to a normal existence. Is it not, then, a little unreasonable to expect one section of the community to behave as though nothing untoward had occurred in the life of the nation, while other sections are still in a state of



A STUDY IN BROWN: Mlle. VERA SERGINE IN AN ALICE BERNARD CREATION.

The Parisienne realises full well that brown, if the right shade, is a most alluring and becoming colour. The languid lady on the sofa has had her dress heavily embroidered in the same colour, and her hat, to say nothing of her shoes and stockings, are of the same hue.

Photograph by Dapki.

HER INFINITE VARIETY: THE LATEST ASPECT OF PARISIAN FASHION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WYNDHAM, DEIPHI, AND BERTRAM PARK.



MADE OF GOLD LACE OVER GREEN TULLE: THE ORIENTAL CRINOLINE.



CARRIED OUT IN OLD-GOLD-COLOURED TINSEL: A LOVELY EVENING-GOWN.



OVER A WHITE TULLE SKIRT: SILVER BROCADE PANNIERS.



A HALO OF WHITE OSPREYS: THE LATEST TOQUE.



THE DEMURE CHARM OF GREY FOULARD: A DÉBUTANTE'S DRESS.



DRAPED SKIRT AND HIGH COLLAR: A BLACK SATIN MODEL.

The latest aspects of Parisian fashion show a variety which will delight Englishwomen, for if one feels one would not be suited by the Oriental splendour of Paul Poiret's evening gown of green tulle with straight gold lace bodice and Eastern hoop, the same famous house suggests a gown of simple dignity carried out in old-gold-coloured cloth of gold with a touch of black velvet on the bunched little panniers, or a beautiful model whose simple silver brocade bodice and panniers have all the charm of distinctive

elegance. The toque shown on our page is one of the Maison Lewis Paris models, and is entirely made of white ospreys; while the fact that La Mode has not forgotten how to be demure is illustrated by the Lucile dress in grey foulard and lace, whose quaint delicacy is the ideal for the débutante. The black satin afternoon model, with its elegant slim silhouette, is also by Lucile, and will appeal to many women who like long graceful lines and close-fitting sleeves. The high collar should be specially noted.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE restless movement of the auction room embraces as varied a choice of treasures as the pack of Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," cunningly set forth, arranged, classified, and catalogued for the delectation of buyers. In long procession, both great and small are marshalled in the passing show. The Lansdowne Old-Master drawings, the Yates-Thompson manuscripts, and the Laking armour are now records of the past.

When one sees "Objects of Vertu" as a superscription to a catalogue, one is prepared to sit down to a banquet of rich and varied dishes. At Messrs. Christie's rooms, be it said, this is no "ordinary"; the viands mostly appeal to the *gourmet*. A shagreen étui, set with enamel plaques in silver borders with fittings, or a Vernis-Martin needle-case, painted with children on blue ground, may be one man's meat; and a Chinese agate snuff-bottle with French gold mounts, a Dutch tortoiseshell casket mounted with silver bands, or a Louis XVI. watch by Bréguet, à Paris, in gold case, enamelled with garden scene, may be another man's poison. In the same sale four Louis XVI. gold snuff-boxes, signed by the Paris makers, Henri Clavel, 1775, J. J. Prevost, 1769, J. B. Fouache, 1780, and Julien Alaterre, 1773, are outstanding items which totalled to 1063 guineas at auction.

There are, too, several watches which compel one's interest in passing: a repeating watch by John Archambo, London; another old English watch by John Good, the author of the "Art of Shadows, or Universal Dialling" in 1711; a watch by Bouquet, London, with a single hand and enamel dial in enamel case, the back painted with Mars and Venus. The same maker has a watch encrusted with jewels (1630-1640) in the British Museum.

A watch that at once arrests attention is by Eduardus East, London, with a single hand in a silver case, the back engraved with a calendar, and outer case engraved with a coat of arms and inscription: "HEN. OXINDEN DE MAYDRKEN IN BARHAM. AP. 29. 1648," with silver chain, seal and key attached. The Oxindens or Oxendens were a great Kentish family. Sir Henry Oxenden sat for Sandwich in Parliament in 1660, and another Oxenden served with distinction in the first days of the old East India Company in the reign of Charles II. But the owner of this watch was Henry Oxinden, born in 1609, who was appointed rector of Radnage in Buckinghamshire in 1663 and held that benefice till his death in 1670. He was a poet, whose volumes of satires in Latin were much esteemed at the time. He wrote the epitaph in verse on Sir Anthony and Dame Gertrude Percival which is on a tombstone in Denton Church, in Kent.

Edward East, of Pall Mall, and afterwards of Fleet Street, was watchmaker to Charles I., and when he resided near the tennis-court in Pall Mall he attended the King, who often provided East's watches as prizes in the tennis tournaments. The King was evidently fond of these watches: he lost his head at Whitehall on Jan. 30, 1649, less than a year after the date on the Oxinden watch. In the Fonthill Abbey collection of manuscripts is a warrant dated June 28, 1649, from the Committee of Public Revenue, to Thomas Fauconbridge, Esquire, Receiver-General, to pay, "unto Mr. Edward East, Watchmaker, the sum of fortie pounds for a watch by him made for the late King Charles, by directions of the Earl of Pembroke by order of the Committee, and delivered to the King for the late King's use on xvii January last." As Charles was executed on Jan. 30, this watch was evidently

procured for him and paid for by the revolutionaries. This was the same watch carried by Charles on his way to the scaffold. "Through the garden the King passed into the park, where making a stand he asked Mr. Herbert the Hour of the Day, and taking the Clock in his Hand, gave it to him, and bade him keep it in memory of him." This watch was in recent years in the hands of the Mitford family, and bears the maker's name, "Eduardus East, Londini."

The pictures of the late Sir Guy Francis Laking, Bt., and Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., at Christie's galleries, offered one or two items especially worthy of note. The portrait of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex, in armour richly damascened in gold, with the



BOUGHT FOR 750 GUINEAS AT THE LAKING SALE:
A PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART (1754-1828).

The sale of the Pictures and Drawings of the late Sir Guy Laking, Bt., took place at Christie's, on April 23. The catalogue described the above as "Portrait of a Gentleman, in grey coat, yellow vest and white stock, seated in a crimson arm-chair holding a letter. (25 in. by 27½ in.)." Gilbert Stuart was born in America and lived many years in England, returning to the States in 1793. He painted several portraits of George Washington, one being his masterpiece.

By Courtesy of the Purchaser, Mr. T. H. Robinson.

Of other pictures, one by John N. Sartorius (who exhibited at the Academy from 1778 to 1824, and mainly contributed sporting subjects) "The Meet of the Foxhounds," brought £1155, with portraits of Francis Fane and his wife, of Studland, Dorset, in riding costumes, with hounds and grooms. Two views of Dresden by Canaletto realised £1207 10s. Gilbert Stuart, an Anglo-American painter-pupil of Benjamin West, who returned to America, working there from 1793 till his death in 1828, is best known by his portraits of Washington. The National Portrait Gallery, London, possesses portraits by him of Kemble the actor; Benjamin West, his compatriot, Quaker, friend of George III., and second President of the Royal Academy, succeeding Reynolds; and William Woollett, the engraver of the "Death of Wolfe." Other portraits elsewhere are Alderman Boydell and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Portrait of a Gentleman in grey coat, yellow vest, and white stock, seated in an arm-chair, recently sold at Christie's for £787 10s.

The portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, in silver doublet, with silk breeches and stockings, holding his sword, was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1866, being lent by Mr. F. Vernon Wentworth. It realised £283 10s. under the hammer. Sir Philip Sidney stands as a typical knight-errant of the Court of "Gloriana." Elizabeth was playfully familiar with him, calling him "her Philip," in opposition, it is said, to her sister's husband, Philip of Spain, after whom, by the way, Sidney was named. Fulke Greville Lord Brooke, the poet, was his schoolfellow at Shrewsbury. They sought to sail with Sir Francis Drake to the Indies together, but were prevented. Fulke Greville outlived his friend Sidney by forty years, and in his lifetime had graven on his tomb in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." In Shakespeare's day young soldiers and courtiers wrote poems, and Sidney with polished pen produced sheaves of sonnets, as "Astrophel," to "Stella," his mistress who was unkind ("Stella" being Penelope, the daughter of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex), and he continued his plaintive eulogies of her after she was married. But he did not die of a broken heart; he married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who survived him and married Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex.

Sidney's life, if short, was crowded with brilliant exploits. He crossed Europe as a youth, and narrowly escaped death at the French Court in 1572 at the Massacre of the Huguenots, by taking refuge at the British Ambassador's house. At Frankfurt he studied with the classical scholar Languet. At Vienna he learned equitation and the use of arms. At Venice he met Paul Sarpi. At Padua he conversed with Tasso. He read Greek, Latin, Spanish, French and Italian. On his return to England it is not to be wondered at that he became one of the bright ornaments of the Court of the scholarly Elizabeth.

At the age of thirty-two he received a fatal wound at the battle of Zutphen. His chivalry as he lay wounded and, when about to quench his thirst, gave the water to a dying soldier with the memorable words, "This man's necessity is still greater than mine," is remembered as a noble English example, and has been repeated, to the glory of our country, by youths of the

same race on the bloody plains of Flanders.

Sidney's body was brought home and buried at St. Paul's Cathedral. In England a general mourning was observed among those of highest rank, "no gentleman for many months appearing in a gay or gaudy dress either in the city or the court."



BY EDUARDUS EAST, WHO MADE THE WATCH WHICH CHARLES I. WORE ON THE WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER WATCH—(LEFT) THE FACE; (RIGHT) THE BACK, ENGRAVED WITH A CALENDAR.

This watch was included in the sale of Objects of Vertu at Christie's on April 23.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

George of the Garter suspended to the ribbon, resting his left hand on his helmet, is by Zuccaro. It has a coat of arms and the inscription runs: "Ao Dni. 1572 AE. SVAE 32. VIRTUTIS COMES INVIDIA." This was exhibited at the Tudor exhibition in 1890, and was lent by Mr. Francis J. Thynne. It brought 110 gns. at auction.

ANOTHER VICEREGAL WEDDING: AFTER INDIA—CANADA (IN LONDON).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., CENTRAL PRESS, AND BASSANO.



LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE CEREMONY:
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



WITH QUEEN ALEXANDRA: THE DUKE OF
DEVONSHIRE, FATHER OF THE BRIDE.



THE MARRIAGE OF LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH AND MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, LATE OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS:
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, WITH THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES—A WEDDING GROUP.

In our last issue we illustrated a Viceregal wedding in India, that of Lord Chelmsford's daughter, at Delhi, and we contrasted the proceedings with those of a London wedding. An interesting case for comparison is afforded by this later Viceregal wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 21, between Lady Dorothy Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, and Mr. Harold Macmillan, late of the Grenadier Guards, and A.D.C. to the Duke in Canada. The ceremony was attended by Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Christian,

Prince Albert, and the Duke of Connaught. In the lower group the figures in the back row are (from left to right): Lady Katherine Fitzmaurice (daughter of the Earl of Kerry); Lady Anne Cavendish (the bride's sister); the bride; the bridegroom; Miss Diana Cavendish (the bride's cousin); the Hon. Peter Cecil; and Master George Mercer-Nairne. In front, on the right, is Miss Sybil Cavendish. The other two little boys are the Earl of Burlington (the bride's nephew) and the Hon. Charles Fitzmaurice. The Duchess of Devonshire, it may be recalled, is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne.

ECONOMISING OIL FUEL IN THE NAVY: BATTLE-SHIPS'

DRAWN BY



OBSERVING ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS AS TO SHORTAGE OF OIL FUEL: COMBINING ECONOMY

In view of the shortage of oil fuel, orders have been issued in the Navy to observe strict economy in that respect. On a recent occasion, for example, some destroyers had to shift their berths, and battle-ships' boats were told off to tow them (as shown in the drawing), thus avoiding the necessity for lighting up boilers. This served also as a boat exercise. A modern battle-ship has, in addition to her two steam picket-boats, a number of row-boats, which are exercised at frequent intervals. Of these the principal are the double-banked launch and pinnace, pulling 18 and 16 oars respectively, 2 cutters of 12 oars, 2 gigs of 6 oars, and 2 whalers of 5 oars. The launch is usually fitted with a propeller worked by a petrol motor, and all these boats are also equipped for sailing. Among other methods of economy, the Admiralty recently issued instructions for dealing with the oil remaining on board obsolete ships

BOATS MANNED TO TOW DESTROYERS TO NEW BERTHS.

Cecil King:

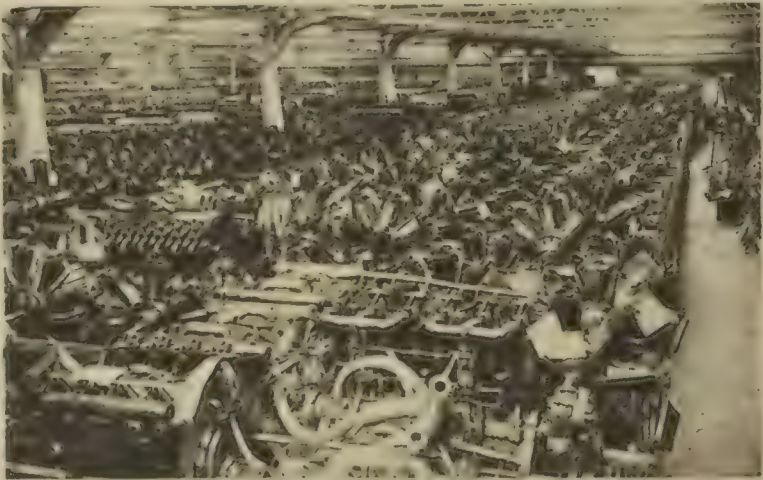


WITH EXERCISE—DESTROYERS TOWED BY LAUNCHES, PINNACES, CUTTERS, GIGS, AND WHALERS.

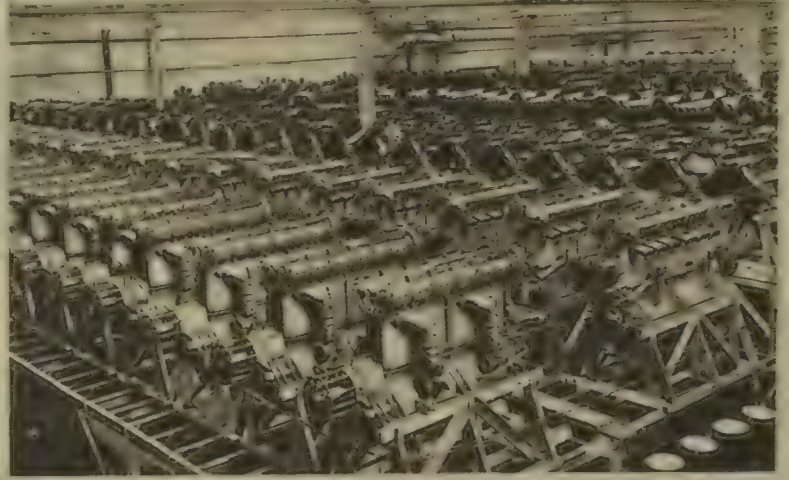
placed on the disposal and sale lists. In those which burn both oil and coal, the oil fuel is to be returned to store; in those burning oil only, the quantity carried is to be reduced to between 5 and 10 per cent. of the full stowage, while in vessels prepared for the sale list the oil fuel is to be removed as far as possible. In connection with the whole question of oil supply, an interesting rumour was lately current that the British Government were to take a controlling part in the vast operations of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, as it has already done in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The Shell Company, whose issued capital is now £10,000,000 (valued in the market at nearly £70,000,000) has oil-fields in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The Head of the Government Petroleum Department (Sir John Cadman) was recently summoned to San Remo. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

CAMERA NEWS: AIRCRAFT; A NEW BISHOP; A DUIKER; MAUBEUGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., AND C.N.; THAT OF THE DUIKER SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



PART OF "THE COLOSSAL SURPLUS" LEFT BY THE WAR: A HUGE COLLECTION OF AEROPLANE ENGINES AT WADDON AERODROME.



MORE SURPLUS AEROPLANE ENGINES AT WADDON: PART OF THE STOCK TAKEN OVER BY THE AIRCRAFT DISPOSAL COMPANY.



FROM PRETORIA TO ST. ALBANS: DR. FURSE, THE NEW BISHOP.



THE CEREMONIAL KNOCKING AT THE CATHEDRAL DOOR: THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS, DR. FURSE, DEMANDING ADMITTANCE FOR HIS ENTHRONEMENT.



RELATED TO A SACRED TOTEM-BEAST OF RUANDA: THE YELLOW-BACKED DUIKER—IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.



THE MAUBEUGE SURRENDER COURT MARTIAL: (R. TO L.) GENERAL FOURNIER, GENERAL VILLE, AND COLONEL CHARLIER.

The huge surplus stocks of aircraft and their equipment accumulated by the Government during the war have been taken over by the Aircraft Disposal Company, Ltd.—The enthronement of the new Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. Michael Furse, formerly Bishop of Pretoria, took place on April 22.—A specimen of a hitherto unidentified species of duiker, an African animal about the size of a large goat, was shot recently by an officer in British Ruanda, in the Tanganyika Territory. The natives call the

duiker an eppo or empuyi, and hold it, in a way, sacred, as the totem-beast of their reigning chief, Musinga. It is black, with a bright yellow stripe along about half of its backbone. Its haunts are in the forests, and it is seldom seen in open country.—General Fournier appeared again recently before a Court-Martial in Paris to answer for the surrender of Maubeuge on September 8, 1914, after a German attack lasting seventeen days. With him also appeared General Ville and five other officers.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,	1837.
H.R.H.THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,	1889.
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H.M.THE KING OF PORTUGAL,	1907.
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1733-1767	WILLIAM HEDGES, of WOOTON, Oxon. Married KATHERINE KILLINGWORTH (of the same, Spinster) 27th Decr 1739, GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTER of EDMUND HARRIS.
1735-1767	WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH, Nephew of EDMUND HARRIS.
1767-1808	KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, Nephew of WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH.
1798-1872	WILLIAM HEDGES, Son of KILLINGWORTH HEDGES.
1835-1844	WILLIAM KILLINGWORTH HEDGES, Son of WILLIAM HEDGES.
1844-1882	JAMES BUTLER, Son in Law of WILLIAM HEDGES.
1882 to present day	JAMES WILLIAM BUTLER } Sons of JAMES BUTLER. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER }
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It is interesting to note that the business has been continuously carried on by members of the family since its establishment to the present day, 253 years.

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Views of Hedges & Butler's Wine Cellars

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BUTTER WITH YOUR BREAD.

FOR some reason or other, English people seem to have a sort of hereditary, or it may be instinctive, dislike of what they call the "greasy cookery" of foreigners. The garlic and oil *plats* dear to the proletariat of Southern Europe are repulsive to them, and even the long-suffering middle-class find a difficulty in getting their children, when at a tender age, to eat fat. It is doubtless this which is at the bottom of much of the popular resolve not to eat margarine if it can be in any way avoided. How far it may be due to the sufficiency of milk butter and even cream which, until the war came upon us, distinguished these fortunate islands, is another matter.

Yet in spite of this a certain amount of either animal fat or vegetable oil taken with one's food is a necessity, especially for the young. Dr. Edward Mellanby, Professor of Physiology at London University, in a lecture published in the *Lancet* towards the end of last month, gives conclusive evidence on this point. He has lately been making experiments on the terrible infantile disease of rickets, from which a large proportion of the children born in town slums suffer, and which is largely responsible for the high rate of infant mortality. His experiments have been made entirely on the young of that "friend of man," the dog, and show him that rickets can be produced with fair certainty in puppies fed exclusively upon carbo-hydrates, or, in other words, upon bread without a due admixture of fat of some kind or other. The nature of the fat supplied matters very little, for, contrary to expectation, he discovered that, so far from the "vitamine," or fat-soluble accessory, of milk and butter being necessary, the fell disease was averted if a certain amount of vegetable oil, such as that expressed from cotton-seed, were mixed with the puppies' food. It is quite true, of course, that the dog, which is, primarily at least, a carnivorous animal, may require a different diet in this respect from man, who was, anthropologists tell us, originally a vegetable eater; and it was therefore necessary for Dr. Mellanby to push his experiments further if they were to be convincing. This he did by enquiring into the prevalence of rickets among the children of two sets of people as

far apart in habits and habitat as the Jews and the Lewis islanders. The result seems to show that he was right. Among the poorer Jews, for the most part dwellers in the slums of London and our other great cities, he finds that oil forms a much larger part of the children's diet than

while among fish, those richest in oil, such as herrings, were chosen by preference and not only for their cheapness. Potatoes, he found, were with them seldom boiled in water, but generally in milk, and every opportunity was seized to mingle fat of some kind with the children's food—a practice which is the more difficult in that the consumption of bacon or pork, which is the form in which most of us take animal fat, is forbidden by the Jewish Law. The result, however, is seen in the fact that rickets is practically unknown among Jewish children, the proportion being something like one-eighth of its prevalence among the Gentiles.

Not less convincing is the result of his enquiry into the diet of the children of the Island of Lewis. Here the conditions in which they are brought up are so contrary to all ideas of modern sanitation that the philanthropic millionaire who is said to have bought the island with the intention of reforming it, may well be appalled at the task before him. The hovels in which they are born are without chimneys, the only exit for the smoke being the open door; cattle and hens are kept in the same sleeping-place as the human inhabitants; and, so far from the children being forced to take exercise in the open air at an early age—which is one of the modern fads of education—they do not go outside the hut until they can walk. Yet the children do not suffer from rickets, and when they survive turn out to be some of the finest-grown men and women to be found anywhere. Dr. Mellanby attributes this to their diet, which consists almost entirely of oatmeal and fish, this last being by preference of the greasiest kind—cods' heads and the livers of fish predominating. As for vegetables, he says that they are almost unknown on Lewis; but it is possible that, in saying this, he may have forgotten the potato, which in other parts of Scotland is the almost invariable accompaniment of a fish diet.

On the whole, however, he seems to have proved his case; and, until the contrary is shown, it may be considered that the fats have been too much neglected in children's diet. Milk is, of course, the best as well as the most natural way of taking these; but in its present scarcity, butter or even margarine must not be neglected. "Put fat on the children's bread," is perhaps the tersest form of the lesson to be drawn from Dr. Mellanby's researches.

F. L.



LAUNCHED WITH FULL STEAM UP: THE "WAR GLORY" IN THE WYE.

The "War Glory," a 10,300-ton standard ship, was launched from Chepstow shipyard on April 21. She is the largest vessel launched on the River Wye and the largest ship ever launched in Great Britain with full steam up, fully equipped and ready for trials.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

among their Christian contemporaries. Everywhere he found that fish fried in oil was the staple of their diet,

perhaps the tersest form of the lesson to be drawn from Dr. Mellanby's researches.

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If you want a fruit pie at its best use "Raisley" for the crust. "Raisley" mixed with ordinary flour creates lightness and crispness, two necessary features of good pastry.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE social event of last week was the wedding of Lady Dorothy Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, with Mr. Harold Macmillan. All the daughters of their Graces have married commoners—if, indeed, the late Captain Angus Mackintosh could be so called, seeing that his father's chieftain's title of "The Mackintosh" is as ancient and honourable as any. The British public scented a romance in this latest match, and assembled round the church in dense masses to witness as much as they might of its culmination. An innovation was the reservation of a whole pew for small children relatives of the bride, the most youthful member being the infant of Captain and Lady Blanche Cobbold, whose christening took place the following day. Little Miss Anne Mackintosh, called after a historic ancestress whose picture hangs at Moy, was the next youngest. At the subsequent reception this little lady was most keen on a bit of wedding cake. That confection being considered too rich for her juvenile digestion, she was given a biscuit in its place. After due examination of that wholesome but uninteresting fare she decided to take it home and give it to the bulldog! A dainty mite she looked in white muslin, with a blue satin ribbon round the waist.

Everyone was delighted to see Queen Alexandra looking well and most evidently in excellent spirits. After tea, at the reception, her Majesty held a kind of informal reception on her own account, and had little talks with various people brought to her by her equerry, Lord Frederick Hamilton. The conversation made many laughs for her Majesty. It was very pleasing to see the Duke of Connaught looking so well and in such good spirits. His Royal Highness signed the register, which has the distinction of bearing the signatures of a royal ex-Governor-General of the Dominion and a present ducal one. The Duchess of Devonshire looked most youthful for a grandmother. Her Grace appears, indeed, like the sister of her daughters, and was wearing a remarkably pretty hat of glazed raffia black straw, embroidered in silk with peacock shades in blue and green and having a veil dependent from the back. It was *en suite* with the black charmeuse dress, on which was wrought a light feathery design in gold with light touches of blue and green.

A delightful afternoon was spent by those who had taken tickets for the "At Home" given by the Countess of Dudley and Miss Irene Vanbrugh at Lady Dudley's house, in order to complete the £1000 given by actors and actresses to endow the "Stage" bed in the Elizabeth



AN ORIGINAL
EVENING GOWN.

The revival of lace for afternoon and evening wear is one of the features of the present fashions in Paris, and this will be greeted with pleasure by most women, as nothing is more becoming, whatever the age of the wearer.

Garrett-Anderson Hospital. First of all, Lady Dudley's long drawing-room is beautiful. It is painted in soft green with dull gold mouldings, is full of things of great beauty set about apparently without design, but with true artistic effect. The pictures are few but most lovely, being finest specimens of Greuze, a lovely Gainsborough landscape, a boy by Murillo, and an exquisite painting of two lovely children, said to be the Royal Bourbons and attributed to Watteau, the only portraits painted by him. No platform was provided, and groups of chairs were set about. It was curious to notice how, when the entertainment began, they were formed up into rows by their occupants. The artists were Mr. Philip Cathie, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Félice Lyne, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Miss Adeia Verne. It therefore "goes without saying" that a delightful time was spent, after which there was tea in the dining-room provided by Lady Dudley, who was dressed in black charmeuse and chiffon with a white lisse collar and wearing most lovely pearls in long chains.

Burberrys' "Matinées" are sure to prove a great attraction. In other words, an exhibition of supreme interest to women who wish to be prepared for what Dame Fashion has in store for them will be held from May 3 to 7 inclusive, between the hours of 10 to 12 and 2 to 4, when Burberrys, of Haymarket, are making a display of their latest designs and materials, which will be actually worn in series by Burberry mannequins. This famous firm, while retaining its pre-eminence in weather-proofs and tailor-mades, has also used its immense resources in developing the daintier forms of women's dress, such as summer frocks, knitted jumpers and sports-coats of silk and wool, blouses and hats. The display will, in effect, be a compendium of everything a woman needs in dress for spring and summer. An invitation is cordially extended by Messrs. Burberrys to all with an hour to spare.

Glad as we all are to welcome spring, it takes some of the vitality out of us, and if we do not see to it and find a really effective tonic, we easily run down. Running up is a very different and more difficult matter. Globéol has everything in its favour, being composed of the extract of those beneficent red corpuscles that we rightly value so much, combined with colloidal iron and manganese with just a particle of quassia to help to digest it. It is ideal, and is used by most eminent physicians. It costs 5s. a bottle of easily taken pills. It is splendid in cases of overstrain, now so numerous, and it conquers the most obstinate anæmia. Heppels have it at 164, Piccadilly, or at any of their branches. A. E. L.

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Your baby should sleep sixteen to twenty hours, depending upon its age—daily baths are necessary—but most important of all is your baby's food.

If you are nursing your baby and it does not gain in weight—seems hungry and restless—give one or two feedings a day of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK in addition to breast feedings.

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK, made from rich full cream, cow's milk and refined granulated sugar, has reared into healthy maturity during the past three generations over eight million babies throughout the world who were deprived of the proper maternal supply.

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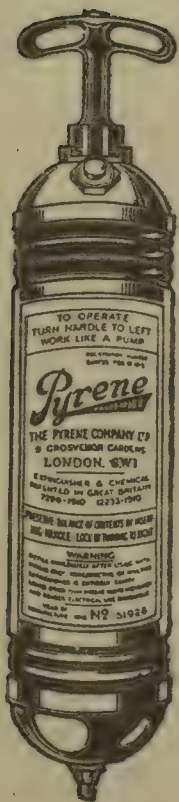
A brochure describing Waters, Cure, Excursions, Entertainments, with also reliable accommodation, List of Hotels, etc., free on request to F. J. C. Broome, General Manager, Room 17, Harrogate, or H. J. Jewell, 353, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S "MARY ROSE." AT THE HAYMARKET.

LAST week proved quite a red-letter week in our theatrical history, for apart from an interesting Shakespearean revival and other Shakespearean celebrations associated with St. George's Day, it offered us plays of quality from no fewer than three contemporary British playwrights—among them two of our most distinguished men of letters. The place of honour, in respect of originality, must go to Sir James Barrie's fantasy, "Mary Rose." Here we have an eerie, supernatural element blended quaintly with an appeal to the primal emotions and the sentiment attaching to the simple, intimate, domestic things of life. It may be variously described as an allegory of death and the human feelings that may survive death, a poem showing in dream form the response of a sensitive soul to the music of elf-land and to calls from the world of its ideals; or, again, a story of a changeling mother, ever young, and bewildered in her agelessness at the cruel changes effected in others

girl-mother called away by the voices of her magic island from her baby's side, or a returned wanderer dismayed to find her parents stricken with age, her jolly bridegroom grey-haired, and her child vanished; or a poor wraith, whom, as she sits on his knee, her sturdy Australian-bred soldier son tries to comfort, she is more than herself; she evokes hidden, suppressed instincts that are in all of us and interprets our dreams. For have we not, most of us, an island from which come urgent messages we cannot always resist; and are we not all at times fey and distraught; are there not moments when we seem unchanged and young amid contemporaries growing old, apathetic, and remote; is not our greatest dread of death mixed up with the apprehension of being forgotten, of missing familiar faces, of losing our warm niche in the home

and in friends' hearts, of having no contact with the good earth which we could afford to quit temporarily in fancy while it was within our reach? Those who can bring such thoughts with them to a hearing of the latest Barrie play will enjoy it all the more, because they will appreciate that it is the work of a poet as well as of a humourist and master of stage-effects. It is beautifully acted. Radiant and yet homely as the young bride, tender as the little mother, Miss Fay Compton seems to develop a fresh sense, to become ethereal and spirit-like, when the heroine hears the summons of her island sirens: this youthful player's career just now might be called a march from conquest to conquest. Mr. Robert Loraine in what are really three parts as the bridegroom, the husband gone grey, and the runaway son, nicely differentiates degrees of buoyancy. And good work is also supplied by Mr. Norman Forbes, Miss Mary Jerrold, Miss Cadell, and notably by Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S "SKIN GAME," AT ST. MARTIN'S. When Mr. Galsworthy wrote his great strike-drama, "Strife," he chose a subject which lent itself to the exploitation of fierce passions and to the working out of his



SENT TO THE RESCUE OF RUSSIANS ICEBOUND IN THE KARA SEA:
H.M. ICE-BREAKER "SVIATOGOR."

The "Sviatogor," an ice-breaker delivered at Archangel in 1917, and taken over there by the British Government, has been sent to the relief of the Russian ice-breaker "Solovoi Budimirovitch," ice-bound in the Kara Sea with eighty Russian men, women, and children on board. Norway had no ship capable of going to the rescue. It was arranged that the "Sviatogor" should be handed over to the Norwegian Government on her arrival at Tromsø, and that the relief expedition should be organised under M. Sverdrup, the famous explorer.—[Photograph by Abrahams.]



BEATER OF ALL BRITISH RECORDS: COLTON SECRET III.

Colton Secret III., a British-Friesian cow owned by Mr. G. Holt Thomas, of Hughenden, Bucks, has beaten all British records, by yielding 105½ lb. (10½ gallons) of milk in twenty-four hours.—[Photograph by the "Agricultural Gazette."]

by time; and yet its haunting, elusive charm refuses to be captured in any such definitions. Mary Rose, indeed, is a symbol as well as a personality, and whether she is a

favourite idea which insists on the tragic stupidity of warfare between social classes. The story he handles in "The Skin Game" would in ordinary life take on the aspect of comedy; the average rich parvenu of his Hornblower's type, establishing himself near county gentry such as the Hillcrists, far from antagonising them because of their aloofness, would have tried slow methods of conciliation and secured finally a welcome at the squire's table. Mr. Galsworthy, obsessed by his theme of class conflict, will allow of no peaceful arrangement between *nouveau riche* and old-established family, and so war is declared, the "skin game" is started. Hornblower threatens to set up unsightly factory chimneys within sight of the Hillcrists' lawn; Mrs. Hillcrist retaliates by raking up a scandal concerning the blustering newcomer's daughter-in-law and using it for purposes of virtual blackmail. Once grant the dramatist his premisses, and there is no denying that he has constructed a powerful, affecting, and fair-minded play: he makes us sympathise alternately with both the aggrieved parties and see where they

[Continued overleaf.]

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SPRINGTIME GOLF.

THE grass is beginning to grow and there's life and movement on the whole course. The young blackbirds in that hawthorn near the fourth tee have flown and the plover swinging over the ploughfield running off by the 9th has changed her note.

The spring in the turf is making the Dunlop balls sit up and you're getting an extra 15 yards off the tee. The life and joy of it! 18 holes and then home in the car with its sturdy service - giving Dunlop tyres, as the sun sinks down and the chill of the evening comes on.

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Continued.]

go wrong, till we echo the squire's sad comment on a situation that barely escapes the tragedy of suicide: "Look what comes when we once start fighting; we began with clean hands—and now?" But it is Mr. Galsworthy who set them fighting and thereby lands himself in for the apparatus of melodrama—detectives, spying, the stirring up of an ugly past. His treatment is so realistic, his dialogue is so pungently natural, his observation is so true up to a point, that we can but wish he had credited his older folk with some of the common-sense that is so refreshing in his clear-eyed younger characters—Jill Hillerist, for example. As it is, we must be content with an exciting, passionate story, instead of the masterpiece that might have been, and be glad that Mr. Gwenn in his admirably composed study of the parvenu, Miss Helen Haye with her clean-cut portrait of Mrs. Hillerist, Miss Mary Clare all hysterical emotion as the lady with a past, and Miss Meggie Albanesi as the incarnation of nice English girlhood, should have opportunities of showing native stage art at its best.

"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED." AT THE AMBASSADORS. Not for a long while have playgoers been provided with such a feast of wit as is afforded them at the expense of politicians and their game in Captain Harwood's comedy, "The Grain of Mustard Seed." Its satire is directed against all parties alike in a succession of the most telling epigrams, and the intrigue of the play is as quaint as its dialogue. It all turns on the fortunes of a new man who may be a coming man, for all the big-wigs of the Government know; but, whatever happens to him, they are going to be on the winning side. So they let this enthusiast for some new housing reform stand his chance at an election. If he wins the day, he is to be made use of as a Minister; if he loses, his failure will dispose of an awkward customer. Only, say these trimmers, he must not be too definite, otherwise they cannot adopt his policy. So insists

the old Leader of the House, one of whose *mots* is "What a reputation Canute might have made if he had only waited for high tide." But Jerry Weston goes the whole hog, and, when they throw him over, wins the election in their despite. There is a love-story here, but it is rather a small one. Weston, about to marry into the ruling gang, finds that his fiancée has been a young waster's mistress; but, as she has parted with this lover to assist him in his fight,

Mr. Fred Kerr, delicious as the time-serving Leader; Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, full of distinction as a grave and disillusioned woman of rank; and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, in the character of the rather reckless heroine—give the author the benefit of well-nigh perfect interpretation.

"AS YOU LIKE IT." AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH. We have had to wait a twelvemonth in London for Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "As You Like It," given at

the last Stratford-on-Avon festival, but it was worth waiting for. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Lovat Fraser's setting, there is this to be said for the scenery at the Lyric, Hammersmith, that it admitted of the hearing of the whole text of the play and some delightfully appropriate Elizabethan music as well. The outstanding features of the revival are Miss Athene Seyler's delightfully gay, spontaneous, and talkative Rosalind, and Mr. Herbert Marshall's exquisitely easy rendering of Jaques's "Seven Ages" speech. Yet we have also a zestful Touchstone in Mr. Playfair himself; a manly Orlando in Mr. Ivan Samson; a Phoebe, Miss Moyna MacGill's, who is adorably shrewish; an Audrey, Miss Olive Walter's, of the right rusticity; diction that is sonorous from Mr. Rea's couple of Dukes; and humour of varied sorts from Mr. Miles Malleston.

"THE LITTLE WHOPPER." AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Quite of the ordinary type of musical comedy is "The Little Whopper." Its plot starts in a Hampstead girls' school, but soon shows us a wilful girl mistaking the room of the man she wishes to marry, posing as the wrong man's

wife, and running the risk of having to spend a night in his company. Fortunately, this plot is not carried too far, and room is found for the dry humour of Mr. Davy Burnaby. Mr. Eric Lewis proves himself fully at home in this style of entertainment. The heroine is played by Miss Lily St. John, an accomplished dancer and an agreeable vocalist.



THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY—"TO EQUAL THE BRITISH IN 1924":
THE "TENNESSEE"—ALMOST COMPLETE.

The U.S. Dreadnought "Tennessee" has a normal displacement of 32,300 tons, and a complement of 1119 in peace and 1630 in war. Her water-line length is 600 feet; her length over all, 624 feet; and her beam, 97 feet 3½ inches. Her gun armament, according to "Jane," is twelve 14-inch guns, fourteen 5-inch, four 3-inch anti-aircraft, four 6-pounders (saluting), two 1-pounders, two machine guns, two landing guns, and two submerged torpedo-tubes (21-inch). Her commissioning was delayed by the fact that her armament was not ready at the expected time.—[Photograph by Kadel and Herbert.]

and admiration soon warms into love, even in that matter luck befriends the enthusiast. Plot, it will be seen, is slight in Mr. Harwood's piece, but its talk is such a continuous entertainment that the thinness of its drama can be excused: especially as Mr. Norman McKinnel in one more impersonation of masterful, self-assured virility;

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Dr. Bettoux, Medical Faculty of Montpellier.

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LETTERS *from* ANOTHER SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON

With Illustrations by JOSEPH SIMPSON and FREDERICK PARKER.

Dear Bob,

Your report on the Insurance position at the Halifax depot shows brightness and promise, but I'm afraid you haven't studied the matter as carefully as you ought. I plead guilty to the impeachment that I left out all reference to Fire and Burglary in my letter. I had to leave something for your imagination to play with and am glad to find that it hasn't let you down entirely. You state that we are effectively covered for Fire by a policy with the Motor Union but that no action has been taken in respect to Burglary. Tell Denstone to take out a Burglary policy with the M.U. people at once. Bill Sikes is more active than ever at the present time, and this risk should never have been left uncovered. A feature of the Motor Union policy is that it also covers all *damage* done by burglars. Bill is apt to get a little peevish when he doesn't find exactly what he wants and vents his spleen on objects which he cannot take away.



"Bill Sikes is more active than ever at the present time."

Now for your sins of omission. The Showrooms in the main street have some large, and at the present moment very valuable, plate-glass windows through which some skiddy motor vehicle might precipitate itself any day. The Motor Union have a policy for this very possibility and I think the money spent on the moderate premium required would be well spent.

Suppose that a tile or a chimney-pot fell off the roof and put one of the town councillors or someone temporarily out of action. Who's going to pay his claim for damages? Imagine the havoc that would be done by the place being flooded through a burst waterpipe! There's a policy called the Property Owner's Liability Insurance issued specially to meet these and similar contingencies. Write to the Motor Union for particulars and then—act.

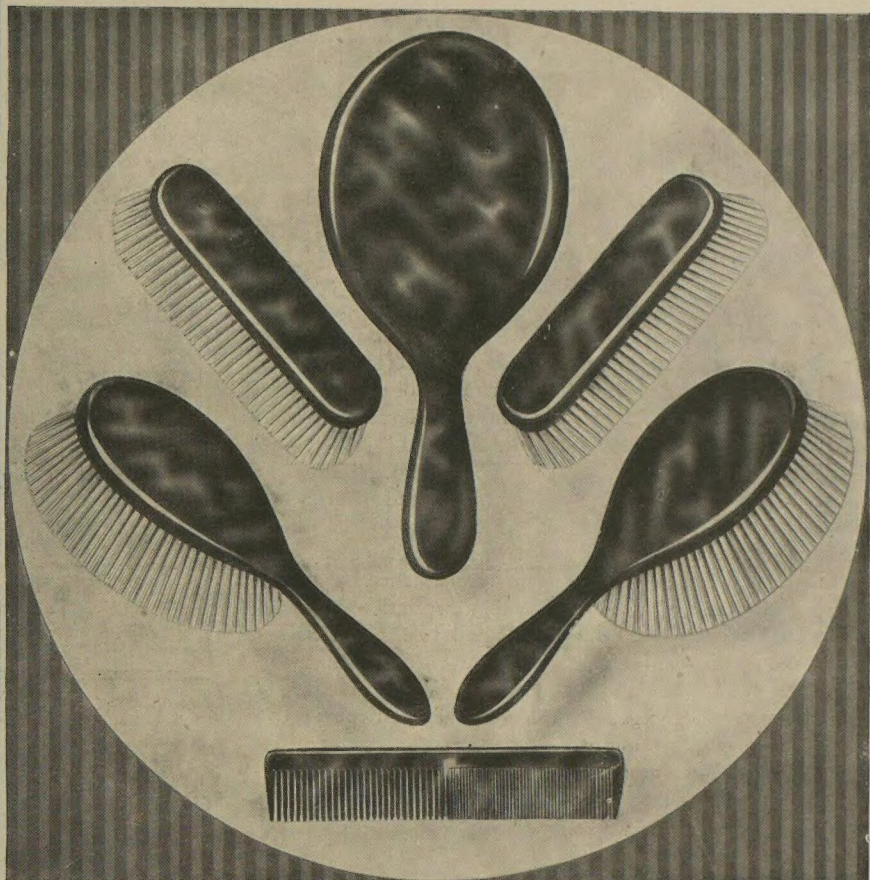
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MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

IT is given to few to see so much of the world as Sir Martin Conway. How wide his experience has been may be gathered from a remark in the opening chapter of his new book, "Mountain Memories: a Pilgrimage of Romance" (Cassell). "Let no one suppose," he says, "that in this book I write the whole autobiography of a life of romance. The secrets of that tale no man would willingly tell. I write here only such small parts of the story as are concerned with mountains, though fearing that the power so to tell even that minor chapter as to convey to others a hundredth part of what the hills have been to me may not be mine." That which has been but "a minor chapter" in his career makes a volume compared with which the lives of most ordinary folk would be a paragraph. These "small parts of the story" of his experience include climbing adventures in Switzerland and the Tyrol, in the Pennines of Italy, in Kashmir and the Himalayas, in Spitzbergen, in the Bolivian Andes, among South American volcanoes, and in Fuegia. The mere catalogue of names is in itself imposing. So also is the list of Sir Martin's previous books, several of which—such as "Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas" (1894), "The Alps from End to End" (1895), "The First Crossing of Spitzbergen" (1897), "The Bolivian Andes" (1901), and "Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego" (1902)—contain the full accounts of journeys which, in the new volume under review, he recalls chiefly from the point of view of subjective reminiscence. Art and Nature together have been his guiding inspiration, and many works on artistic subjects also stand to his credit. "It is this Pilgrimage of Romance," he writes, "that has been life itself to me, and a strange route it has caused me to follow. A wiser man would have guided his course better. I have never sought to be wise, but always to plunge into the unknown, to get away from the dull round of every day, and go forth as student or adventurer into subjects or regions where it seemed to me at the moment that the unattained might be attainable, the unexperienced might be felt. These momentary ideals often proved to be 'wandering fires,' yet another always supplanted the last." Such impulses come to many of us, but only the happy few can gratify them. The present book was itself the outcome of a sudden impulse, and its author was uncertain whether the beginning would not end, "like so many others, in the waste-paper basket." Fortunately for his readers, it did not. The volume is illustrated by a number of fine photographs.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

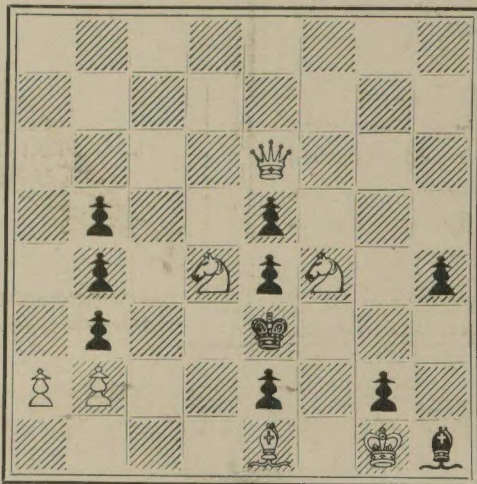
A H H (Bath).—Your appreciation is fully deserved, and we have conveyed it to the composer.

W MOORE and others.—Look again at No. 3834 and you will find there is no solution by 1. K to R 8th.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3831 received from John F Wilkinson (Ramleh, Egypt); of No. 3833 from Jas C Gemmell (Campbelltown), E J Gibbs (East Ham), C H Watson (Masham), J T Palmer (Church), H Champion, and H B (St. Leonards).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3834 received from J C Stackhouse (Torquay), A H H (Bath), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J T Forbes (Brighton), Jas C Gemmell (Campbelltown), Joseph Willcock (Southampton), R H Wilson (Bradford), and H W Satow (Bangor).

PROBLEM No. 3835.—By H. F. L. MEYER.
BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3833.—By W. R. KINSEY.

WHITE
1. Kt to Q 7th
2. Mates accordingly

BLACK
Any move

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CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game from the Trophies Tourney of the British Chess Correspondence Association between Mr. W. H. GUNSTON and Major E. M. JONES.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Major J.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Major J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19.	P to K B 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. P takes P	P to B 5th (dis ch)
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	21. K to R sq	P to Q R 4th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q B takes P	P to Q 5th
5. Castles	Kt takes P		
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
8. P takes P	B to K 3rd		
9. P to B 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles		
11. B to B 2nd	P to B 4th		
12. Kt to Kt 3rd			

As might be expected, the game so far has proceeded on the most orthodox lines. Now White tries a little diversion on his own account

12. B to Kt 3rd
13. Q to K 2nd
14. K Kt to Q 4th
15. Kt takes Kt
16. Kt takes B
17. P to B 3rd
18. R to K sq
19. P to Q R 4th

A masterly flanking operation, to be followed by a brilliant frontal attack.

If: 22. — R takes B; 23. Q to Q 2nd, K R to B sq; 24. P takes Kt, etc. It seems just possible, however, that this was Black's wiser course.

23. Q to Q 2nd
24. R to K 4th
25. Q to K sq
26. B to R 4th

White keeps a firm hand on a most interesting position, and has taken its measure to a nicety. His concluding moves are an admirably effective example of chess strategy.

26. P takes P
27. P takes P
28. R takes P
29. B takes R
30. Q to Q Kt sq
31. Q takes R

Black Resigns.

The meeting of the Kent Chess Association at Bromley proved singularly successful, and drew an unexpected entry of prominent players, as, in addition to the leading English amateurs, representatives of the United States and Holland figured among the competitors. The chief prize was won by Sir George Thomas, followed by a tie for second place by M. Marchant, the Dutch champion, and B. Kostich, of American fame. The success of Sir George Thomas both here and at Hastings points to him as the present British Champion.

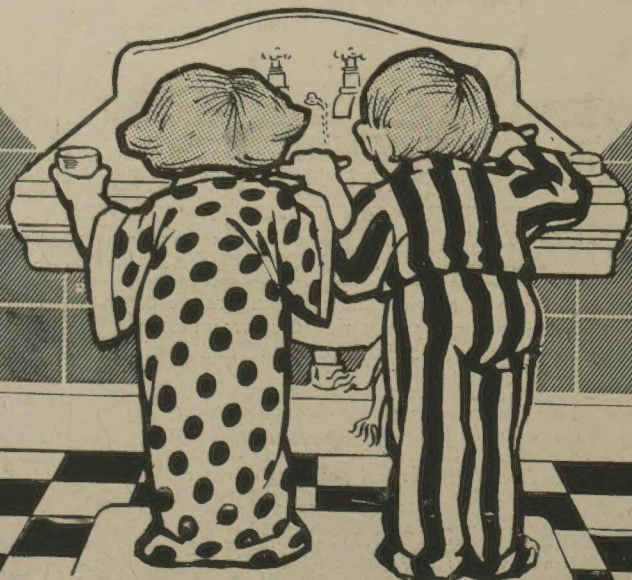
Lord Faber's residence at Harrogate, "Belvedere," has been purchased as the Town's War Memorial. The building will be used as a Y.M.C.A., with a Red Triangle Club for young men and women, with a café and all facilities for recreation both inside the building and in the spacious grounds about it.

Among the photographs of the Bar Point-to-Point Races in our issue of April 17 was one which we described, on the photographer's authority, as "Mr. R. K. D. Renton on Hamilton, winner of the Bar Light-Weight Race, taking the last hurdle." We have since learned that the photograph really shows Mr. R. Roope Reeve on Solomon, winner of the Bar Heavy-Weight Race, at the first fence. We regret having unwittingly given publicity to the error, and we are glad to take this opportunity of correcting it.

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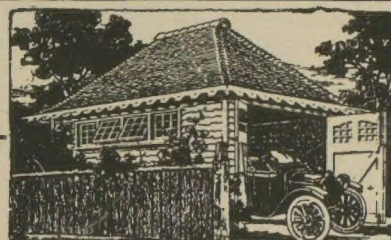
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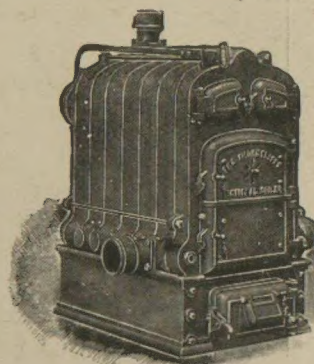
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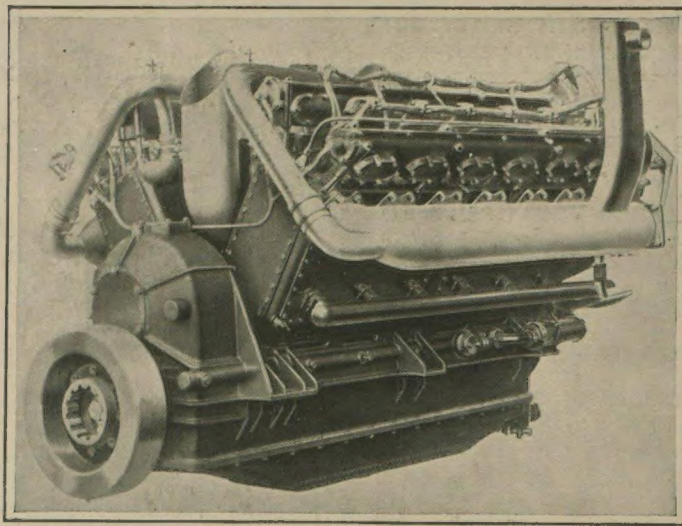
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Inside of the Taxation Proposals.

Alone among the motoring organisations, the Automobile Association is waging an active campaign against the Budget proposals for the taxation of motor vehicles. It has addressed a circular to every member of the two Houses of Parliament, setting forth at length the case against the car-tax, and the reasons why the money required for the roads should still be collected through the medium of a tax on fuel. All these various arguments have been discussed at length so often that there is no necessity for me to repeat them now. They are perfectly familiar to every reader of these notes, so it will be more useful to endeavour to get at the real reasons for the Government's dislike of the fuel tax and its insistence on the unpopular substitute of an impost on mythical horse-power. From inquiries I have made I have arrived at the conclusion, which I believe to be well founded, that at the bottom of it all is the fact that the petrol tax is highly unpopular with the oil groups. The latter have plainly hinted as much to the Government, and being highly organised, and, as we have only too good reason to know, extremely powerful, they have been able to say in almost so many words that they will not have it, and that the Government must find some other method of raising the necessary revenue. Faced with this virtual ultimatum from these powerful interests, the Government has had no alternative but to insist upon a method of taxation which everyone, save the Treasury and the Customs officials, condemns as unfair, illogical, and calculated to do infinite harm to a staple industry which is struggling to get back to its legitimate work after the dislocation consequent upon the war. It may be asked: how is it that the motoring interests, numerous and powerful as are their constituents, are compelled to accept at the dictation of the oil groups a form of taxation which they dislike and feel to be wrong from every point of view? The answer is: because of faulty representation and because there is no real cohesion within their ranks. That is a strong statement to make, and requires justification. We have numerous organisations,



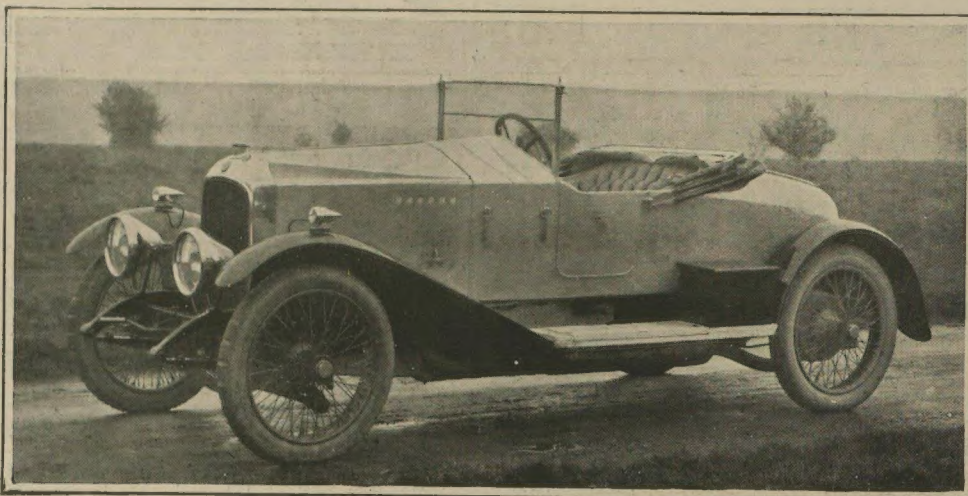
AS INSTALLED IN THE MOTOR-BOATS SUCCESSFUL IN THE RECENT RACES AT MONACO: A SUNBEAM COATALEN "MATABELE" ENGINE.

all supposed to be looking after the interests of the motor owner and user. These organisations draw from our

motoring, and I do not say that in this direction they do otherwise than well; but we could dispense with some of these amenities if they would give us instead a real fighting organisation capable of successfully combating such proposals as those of the Committee on Taxation. Yet what do we find? Of four direct representatives of motoring on the Committee, one only had the courage to make a Minority Report insisting that the fuel tax and the fuel tax alone is the acceptable basis of mulct. Of the other three, one, until lately an official of the Petrol Control, signed the Report without qualification. Another, representing the R.A.C., signed it "with reluctance," and the last signed it with a plea that the horse-power tax should be 15s. per unit instead of £1. Yet each of the four knew that he was setting his name to a Report which, after its proposals had been forecasted in the Press, had raised a storm of protest from those they were supposed to represent and so far not one has told his constituents of the reasons which prompted his action. That, to my mind, is not representation as we have a right to look for it. If there were good reasons why the motorist's interests should be sacrificed, we have a right to know exactly what they were, and our representatives

are wrong if they think we are going to be content with the nebulous assertions about difficulties of collection of the fuel tax which form a part of the Report. Those reasons may emerge in the course of the debates on the Budget, but that is not quite the point. They ought to be explained and cleared up by those who are said to represent the motorist or who have elected to serve the movement for the love of it. In the meantime, I have made the categorical assertion that the whole matter of taxation change is rooted in the opposition of the oil groups to the fuel tax, and until the strongest possible evidence to the contrary is forthcoming I refuse to believe otherwise. As to the question of mal-representation of our interests, it remains a fact that the A.A. is the only organisation which is conducting an active and public campaign against the taxation proposals. What are the others doing to justify their existence as representative bodies?

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